

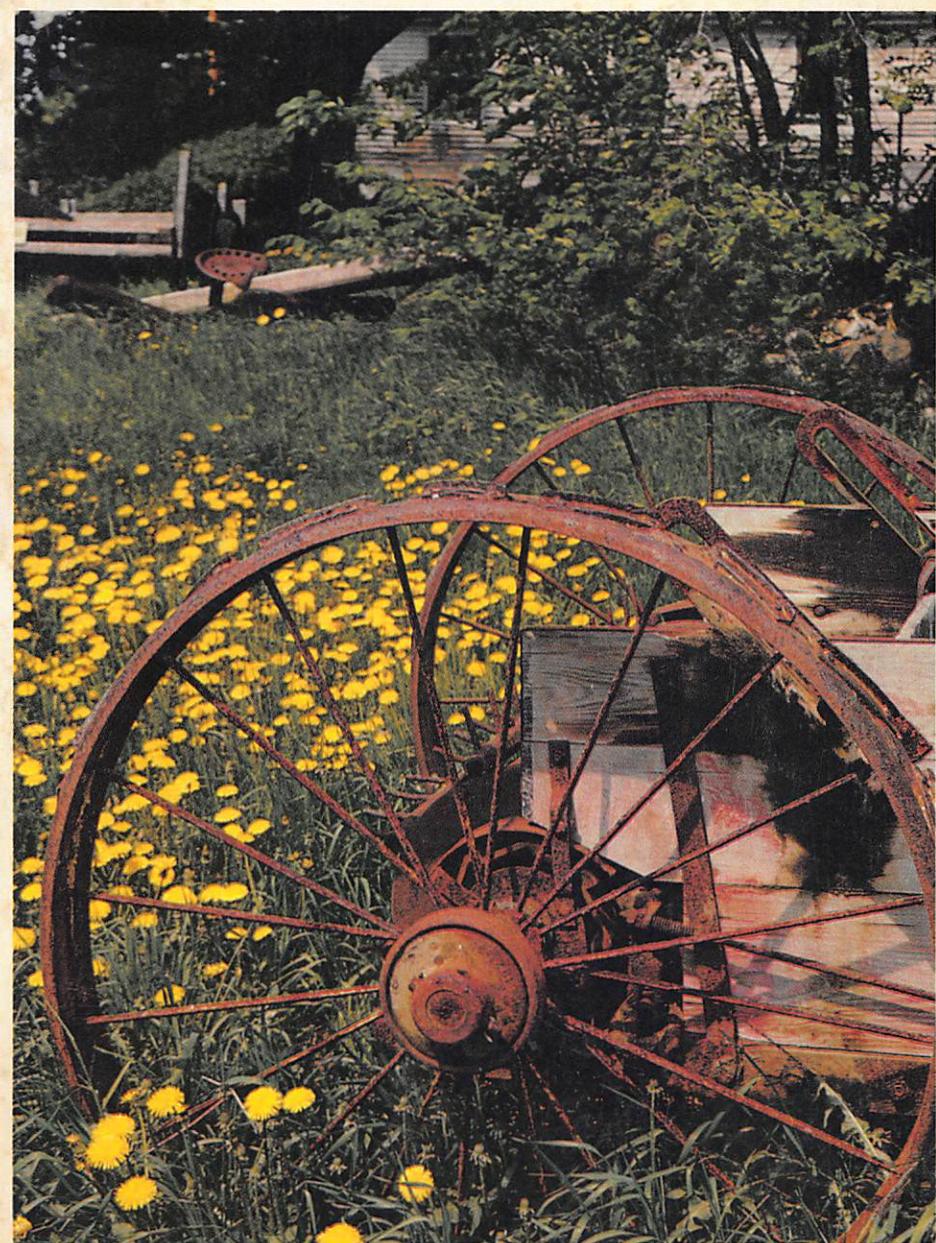
# BitterSweet

75¢

The Magazine of Maine's Hills & Lakes Region

June, 1979

Vol. 2, No. 8



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Dear Peter

JUNE '79

I said to Eino, "You know I need some of that ORTHO lawn food from PARIS FARMERS UNION" "Shucks Bert I think you an' I could make up a darn good fertilizer ourselves." So Eino got the mix. It was odd stuff, for a lawn food mixture. He used this malt stuff, rice, potatoes, yeast "to make the grass rise, Bert", molasses "to hold the lawn together", an' sugar "to make the ground sweet." You know that stuff started a bubblin' once it was all together" "Bert we'd better git that on the stove 'fore we loose her," Eino said. That stove was really a firin' as we drug the pot over. We placed it a top, very carefully. Pretty soon that pot was a perkin' an' a bubblin' like a steam engine. "Bert, best we clamp that lid pretty tight 'fore we loose this fertilizer." We clamped her tight an' fired the stove. Soon that pot started a tremblin' an' a shakin', then the stove, an' the shed we were mixin' in, started a rockin'. Everythin' was a rockin' an' a rollin' pretty good. Shook my false teeth right out. Just 'bout then a huge BAR-BOOOOM! That can let loose an' blew that shed to bits. Blew me right outa my shoes. Sent Eino way over the other side of Pikes Hill. That liquid stuff landed all over our lawn. Within ten minutes that lawn shot up four inches, the brightest green you ever saw, then with a FLASH, the sickest yellow an' then to a hard brown straw, right on the roots. Took Eino 'bout two weeks to find his way outa those wild woods. Be seein' ya. Bert-

Dear Bert-

Come on over an' start relyin' on some professional advice an' go with professional mixtures. ORTHO is a leader in its field. We have the grass seed to start your new lawn an' to patch the holes. Watch for our specials in the local paper an' give us an ear to your local radio station. We have many specials for lawn an' garden needs!!!

Peter.



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During **1952** Walter Rines took over the sole ownership of the Cornish IGA Market and, along with his wife Alta, ran the market in the same honored tradition. During this period many changes occurred in their business, including a complete remodeling in May of '58.

As the community grew and business prospered, Walter and Alta saw the need of a larger, more up-to-date store. To that end, the brand-new RINES IGA FOOD STORE was constructed at the same location and opened its doors in **JULY, 1963**.

The Rines' sold the business to Don White and family in **June, 1974**. Don, Barbara, and Mark White ran the store, remodeled the building and served the people of Cornish and surrounding areas in the fine tradition of IGA.

## **NEW STORE!**

On **APRIL 24, 1979**, a dream became a reality for the Whites with the opening of the CORNISH IGA FOODLINER in the Cornish Shopping Center, Route 25, Cornish, Maine— Offering quality, service, and value to the people of the Cornish Area.



*Dot - Ethel - Janice*

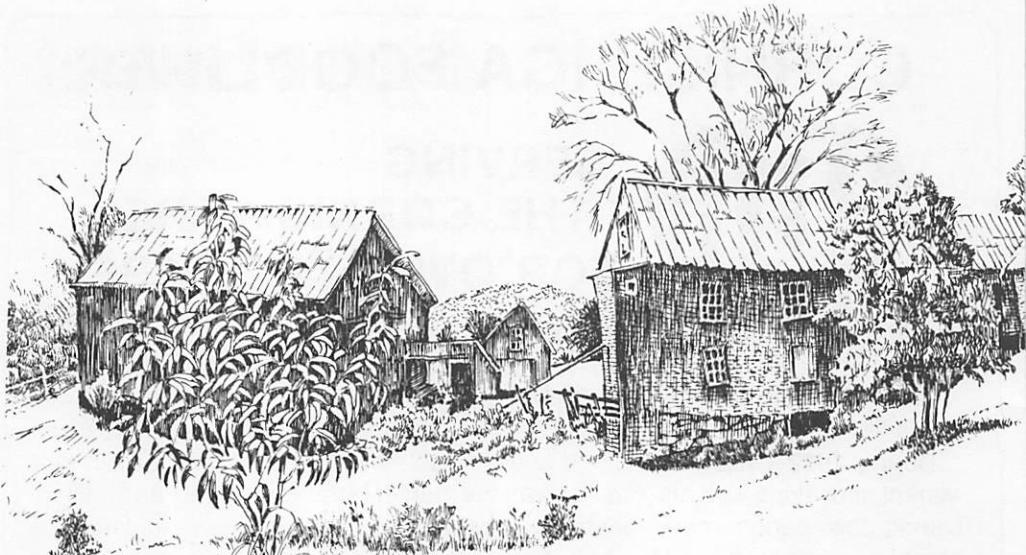
**CORNISH**

Cornish Shopping Center



**FOODLINER**

Route 25, Cornish, Maine



# Crossroads

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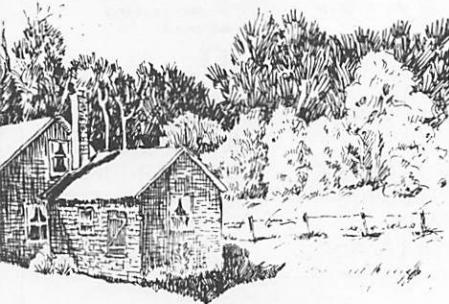
## CREDITS

Illustrations: Ppg. 4-5, Lajos Matolcsy; Ppg. 21, Carolyn Nevius; Ppg. 26, 40, 52, Nancy Jensen. Photos: Ppg. 12, 13, 28, Jennifer Wixson; Ppg. 14-15, Nancy Marcotte; Pg. 22, Tom Marcotte; Pg. 31, Sandy Wilhelm; Pg. 63, Bill Haynes  
**COVER:** Summer Field by Ted Kehn.

**LAST MONTH'S COVER:** We regret that the credit for the May cover was inadvertently left off. It was Trillium by Mary Louise Simpson.

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## You don't say

### LUNKER LANDED AT UPPER RANGE POND

Dagger George told roving reporters gathered at Chappell's Five Corners Market at the junction of Routes 11 & 26 that he had witnessed the landing of the strangest looking fish ever taken from Upper Range Pond in Poland.

A number of anglers were testing their skill and fishermen's luck at the popular site where rainbow trout abound among other favorite species. Dagger George had just arrived on the scene and noticed a group huddled around Pond Bridge between Middle and Upper Range Ponds, where MacAlister of the Schillinger Road was engaged in a fierce battle with one of the biggest fish ever seen in the Range Ponds. The struggle raged on for 'most an hour and when Mac finally landed the critter, Dagger's blue eyes popped as he and fellow fishermen stretched it out on the bridge. By guess and by God it measured over three feet in length. "WOW! It's a whopper! What in tarnation is it?" exclaimed Dagger.

Don Kent, an experienced fisherman whose advice and council many sportsmen seek, had been watching the episode with keen interest. He handed his Thomas bamboo rod to a friend, then stepped forward and carefully examined the weird looking creature.

"I believe this fish is a cross between a pickerel and a rainbow trout," declared Don. "Notice those peculiar markings and the narrow snout. The mouth is a mite out of line, but that's the way it

# BitterSweet

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**Subscription Inquiries:** Write above address or call 207/336-2517. **Rates:** U. S. Territory & Possessions \$8/12 issues. Newsstands 75¢/copy. Canadian & Foreign addresses \$10/12 issues.

**Contributions:** We encourage the submission of manuscripts, artwork & photography. We ask that all material be from local contributors or of local interest. Please submit to The Editor, **BitterSweet**, the above address. We will return your material if it is accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Payment is made following publication. **BitterSweet** cannot be responsible for unsolicited material.

**BitterSweet** is published the first of each month by **BitterSweet**, Box 178, Oxford, Maine 04270. All rights reserved. Printed in U.S.A. by Western Maine Graphics, Inc.

**Editorial Closing:** Six weeks prior to publication.

**Advertising Deadline:** One month prior to publication.

sometimes is with cross-breeds. I'd call this fish a pickerelbow rain trout," observed Don.

Dagger George was overwhelmed with excitement. He peered at the fish in utter amazement and concluded that Don Kent was right; it was indeed a pickerelbow rain trout. Dagger leaped right up and down in his fancy shorts and held the big fish up high for all to see.

MacAlister gave the lunker to Dagger, muttering that it looked more like a sand shark than a trout or pickerel. Snowball Snow offered his expert opinion that it was probably a dog fish somebody had brought up from the coast.

"Not by a damsite," bellowed Dagger, "I saw Mac catch this freak right off the Pond Bridge. I've been fishing for forty-odd years so I speak with some authority." He tossed the big fish into his camper truck and sped off sputtering that he would show his prize to sportsmen around the Lower Little Androscoggin River Valley, the Rangeley and Moosehead regions, and parts unknown.

But whatever it was that Mac hauled out of the Upper Range Pond, everyone agrees there won't be another fish like it caught hereabouts for quite a spell. □

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10	11	12	13	14	15	16
Minnesota 2:00 p.m.	K.C. 8:30 p.m.	K.C. 8:30 p.m.	K.C. 8:30 p.m.		Chicago 8:30 p.m.	Chicago 8:30 p.m.
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
Chicago 2:15 p.m.	Detroit 7:30 p.m.	Detroit 7:30 p.m.	Detroit 7:30 p.m.	Detroit 7:30 p.m.	Toronto 7:30 p.m.	Toronto 7:30 p.m.
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
Toronto 2:00 p.m.	Detroit 8:00 p.m.	Detroit 8:00 p.m.	Detroit 8:00 p.m.	Detroit 8:00 p.m.	New York 8:00 p.m.	New York 2:00 p.m.

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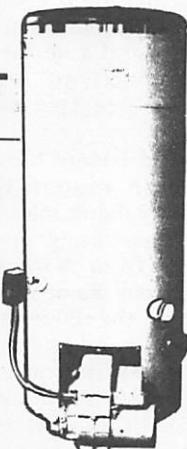
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# Mr. Bull The Steer

"Something happened that drastically affected Mr. Bull's future. A neighbor, Jim Bryant, bought a registered Jersey bull from Vermont and announced that its services were available for a dollar per cow."



by Harry C. Walker

Mother Nature is a generous provider of food for her creatures, both animal and human. To become aware of this, one has only to spend a summer in the country. Better still, be born and raised on a Maine farm and have a father and a mother who know all the good things to eat that grow in the wild and are free for the gathering.

My two brothers and I were lucky. We were born on a farm in western Oxford County and our parents didn't miss a trick when it came to supplementing our daily fare with tasty items from Nature's free hoard. Of course, it took some work on everyone's part to gather the edibles, such as struggling through brush and kneeling and picking, or walking in cold water, or climbing ledgy mountains. But the things we garnered tasted so good that work became fun mixed with skinned knees and mosquito bites.

From our own land we got dandelion greens, wild strawberries, rapsberries, blackberries and cranberries. Butternuts—the sweetest nuts that grow—fell from our own trees in the fall. Our two streams and a creek gave us brook trout, pickerel, and spring suckers. For meat we occasionally ate a fat woodchuck. But, not being deer hunters, if we wanted red meat on our table, we had to raise a creature ourselves. This

brings us to Mr. Bull.

He was a rugged little calf, a mixture of Red Durham and Shorthorn. His mother was the only Durham cow in our small herd, the rest being Jerseys. But in spite of this fact, Dad decided to raise him for breeding purposes.

"He'll be as good as that knock-kneed Shorthorn bull of Flint's that cost me fifty cents a service," Dad told us at the supper table.

Simeon, my oldest brother, agreed. "And we won't have to lead our cows over there through snow and mud. Last time I took Brindle out, she sat me down in the slush."

"We really should use a Jersey bull," said Mom, taking browned biscuits from the oven to go with our custard pudding. "Most of our cows are Jersey, and they should be bred by a Jersey bull so our cows of the future will give plenty of cream for butter."

"I know," said Dad, "but there's no Jersey bull around here. And I can't afford to buy one."

"Let's think up a name for our little critter," moved Ben, my next-older brother. "I like Sultan."

"It stinks," Sim vetoed.

I racked my brain for a name. Being the youngest kid, I desperately wanted the honor of naming our new calf. But I couldn't get beyond the word "bull." Finally I blurted,

"Let's name him Mr. Bull. That's what he is, a bull."

To my surprise and joy Dad liked my choice. Then Mom said it was appropriate. Sim and Ben soon mumbled that it would do. I was the proudest ten-year-old in town that night.

Mr. Bull grew fast. Dad let him suckle his mother and have all the milk he wanted for three months, then gradually got him to eating hay and grain and finally kept him away from the cow. Mr. Bull bawled in outrage for two days, then accepted the change in menu and forgot about milk.

I tried to make friends with him but had only limited success. I would scratch the top of his head and rub his reddish back gently. For a minute he wouldn't move, then he would lower his head and bunt it quite hard against my knees as if to remind me that he was a bull, and that bulls never become very friendly with humans.

One day in February Dad brought home a brass ring from Fryeburg and said it was for Mr. Bull's nose. We boys were quite excited as we had never seen an animal ringed.

"But why does he have to have a ring in his nose?" I asked.

"So it'll be easy to control him," Dad explained. "Even a big, ugly bull will behave when you grab his ring."

Down in the calf pen Dad told us boys to throw Mr. Bull to the floor and hold him. A six-months-old calf can be a handful. Sim grabbed him by his stubby horns and twisted his head to one side. Ben reached under him and grasped the off front leg and we three boys piled onto him and soon quieted his struggles.

"About time," Dad grunted, kneeling by Mr. Bull's head. "Now I'll get to work."

With his left hand he grasped the side of our bull's upper jaw. His right hand held a large screwdriver whose business end had been ground to a sharp point on the grindstone. He inserted the point into our patient's right nostril and pierced the cartilage between the nostrils. A blat of pain rent the air and hooves kicked the floor. We boys watched Dad intently.

He turned the screwdriver several times to enlarge the hole, then tossed the tool aside and took the ring from his pocket. The ring was open and ready. Dad aimed one of its prongs into Mr. Bull's left nostril and found the hole he had made. He wormed it through until it came out the right nostril far enough

to fit, dovetail fashion, into the other prong. This done, he used the point of a blade of his jackknife to tighten the tiny screw that would hold the ring together as long as Mr. Bull would wear it.

Dad stood up. "All right, let him loose."

We boys scrambled to our feet and stepped back. Mr. Bull heaved himself up and stood in a daze, bleeding at the nose and looking cross-eyed at the ring he now wore.

"I hope this won't make him a mad bull," I worried.

Ben laughed. "He'll never be madder than he is right now!"

"He'll forget about this in a day or two," Dad assured us. "And the ring won't bother him a bit."

I hoped he was right, but it took Mr. Bull a week to learn to eat hay normally. And when I went to pat him, he would shy away in disgust. Many days passed before he accepted my attempts at friendship with any degree of tolerance.

Three months later something happened that drastically affected Mr. Bull's future. A neighbor, Jim Bryant, bought a registered Jersey bull from Vermont and announced that its services were available for a dollar per cow.

The rest of us were in the kitchen when my dad came in from a walk and told us the news. Mom's face lit up with pleasure.

"That's great! Now we can have our Jersey cows bred by the right kind of a bull. You told Jim, I hope, that you want to be one of his customers."

Dad nodded and hung up his hat. "That I did. And I took a look at the bull. It's about three years old and a fine animal. Just what this town needs."

I wasn't enjoying their conversation. "What about Mr. Bull?" I sent at Dad. "We're raising him to be our bull, remember?"

"Things change, Sonny. Jim's will improve our herd. Cows sired by a registered bull will give more milk and that means more butter."

I couldn't argue, as butter was an important product of our farm. Mom was locally famous as a maker of firm, tasty butter and she had many customers. Her butter had often taken top prize at the Fryeburg fair.

Sim and Ben, leaning on the end of the cookstove, were whispering and laughing. Ben, the comic of the family, scratched his chin and tried to look profound.

"We think Mr. Bull should be kept as a

"But a ring in the nose of a steer just ain't right," Ben argued. "Ring means 'bull.' What will the cows think?"

---

reserve. You know, like in baseball, they keep a spare pitcher in the bull pen. Bryant's new bull may get so popular that he'll drop dead from overwork."

"Yeah, he might!" I put in hopefully.

Mom was amused but Dad wasn't. "Not much chance of a bull's dying at his age," he said, "As for what to do with our bull, he'll be a tasty chunk of beef for us by the time he's thirty months old. Specially if we change him to a steer."

"I'm for that." My mom liked the idea. "I'm tired of just pork winter after winter."

The next day my friend was subjected to his second ordeal in three months. Mr. Flint came over and helped Dad and Sim and Ben hog-tie Mr. Bull on the floor of the tieup so he was quite helpless. Dad had sharpened the small blade of his jackknife to razorkeenness. Now he used it to do the operation that altered Mr. Bull from a bull to a steer. I had thought that I wouldn't watch, but youthful curiosity overcame my initial disgust for the plan and made me hang around to witness the act.

Then, at Dad's command, I ran up to the house and got a bottle of hydrogen peroxide. He drizzled some of the liquid on the two cuts he had made and it foamed like mad.

One may ask why we changed our bull to a steer just because we decided to raise him for beef instead of for breeding purposes. There are good reasons. Castrated creatures grow better and fatter, are more docile, and the meat tastes better. Steers are interested only in eating and drinking and sleeping. Thoughts of sex never enter their peaceful, bovine minds. As old-timers say, "they do better."

Dad thanked Mr. Flint who took his leave after having a mug of cider from the jug we kept next to a cake of ice in the icehouse. The rest of us stood in the barn doorway and discussed the day's events. Ben said, "We've got to change his name. Mr. Bull ain't a bull no longer."

"Aw gee, what difference does it make?" I protested. "Besides, he knows his name now when I say it to him." I had named Mr. Bull

and I didn't want the name discarded.

Mom came by heading for the henhouse to gather the eggs. It was June and she liked to take a walk in the soft air and pick a few wild flowers and talk to the hens. She heard our discussion and offered a suggestion, "Why don't we just make his name a little longer to fit his new condition—like 'Mr. Bull The Steer'?"

"That's great, Mom, just great!" I approved. No one objected to her idea and I gave Mom a big hug and went along with her to the henhouse and helped pick up the eggs. Our mom was a good mom and I liked to be with her.

Dad and Sim and Ben were still in front of the barn when we came back. Ben, seated on an overturned grain bucket, posed a question I hadn't thought of.

"Hadn't we better take that ring out of his nose? Steers don't wear bull rings."

"So they don't," Sim agreed. "But there's no law against it. What do you think, Dad?"

Dad pushed his old felt hat back and scratched his head thoughtfully. "I've been debating with myself about what to do with that ring. He's gotten used to it and it gives us a handle to him. But, of course, he's not a bull now."

"Leave it be, please," I begged. "I took hold of it the other day and led him around as easy as pie."

"But a ring in the nose of a steer just ain't right," Ben argued. "Ring' means 'bull.' What will the cows think? Suppose they're all out to pasture and a cow, like Brindle, suddenly needs a service. She sees the ring in our Mr. Bull's nose and lets him know she's ready. How'll she feel when he doesn't perform? She could be so frustrated she'd have a nervous breakdown and stop giving milk."

We all laughed a bit at Ben's overstated concern for our cows' mental health. "We'll let him keep his ring for a while at least," Dad decided. "It could come in handy."

"Then we should hang a sign on him to explain his condition to the cows." Ben was persistent.

Sim kicked him in the shin. "Don't be silly! Cows can't read!"

"Who knows they can't? They're pretty smart."

Mom's brown eyes were crinkling with amusement as she faced Ben. "And just what would you put on this sign you'd hang on our Mr. Bull The Steer?"

Ben screwed up his face, closed one eye tightly and pondered. "Hmmm—let me think. Yeah, that's it. I'd say on the sign, 'Have ring but no zing.'"

Dad let out a big guffaw and leaned against the barn door. Sim picked an egg out of Mom's dish and mashed it against Ben's forehead. "You nut!"

Ben just sat there and grinned through the goo running down his face.

Mom was a rather plump person and sometimes when she got to laughing real hard her legs would give away. They were failing her now, so she sat down on an old sawhorse behind her for support. The legs of the sawhorse were not very strong either. Soon they folded under Mom's jiggling weight and rolled her to the ground.

Dad and I went to aid her, but it was all of five minutes before we got her back on her feet. I was so-o-o thankful that no one was coming along the road right then. They would have thought we were one crazy family!

I handed Mom her dish of now partly scrambled eggs and she started slowly for the house, wiping tears from her face with her apron. We heard her say, "This will teach me! I should have known better than to stop and listen to your barnyard talk. Such uplifting conversation!"

So the ring stayed in the nose of Mr. Bull The Steer. And it was a wise decision as an event the next year proved.

Our farm at Stow was not large and the pasture would keep only five cows during the summer. Luckily Dad owned a tract of three hundred acres up on the eastern slopes of the White Mountains between Burnt Ridge and Meader Mountain in New Hampshire. Fifty or more acres of this land was cleared and grass grew good there. A mountain stream provided never-failing water for stock.

Each spring around the middle of May we would turn our dry cows and heifers into the dirt road and drive them six miles up Cold River Valley to the Royce House. From the barnyard there we would herd them up an old logging road to the open gate of our mountain pasture, a distance of another mile. There the cattle would remain until September when we would drive them sleek and fat, back to the home farm for winter.

This year, the one following his operation, Mr. Bull The Steer joined two dry cows and three heifers for the May drive up the valley.

He was as tall as the cows now and heavier, with a pair of thick nearly-grown horns.

Driving several cattle along a country road is not an easy job. They venture into gaps in stone walls and into dooryards and gardens if they can, to sample any tasty vegetation they may find. Ben or I ran ahead of them every time we neared a house, to protect the owner's lawn and vegetables from our animals.

A Mrs. Fife was out watering her flower garden as our cattle approached her place with Mr. Bull in the lead. She took one look at the ring on our steer's nose and ran into the house and slammed the door.

"See, I told you!" Ben laughed. "Ring means 'bull'!"

Dad, who brought up the rear in a two-seated wagon pulled by faithful Jerry, said he'd explain things to Mrs. Fife when he saw her. Which certainly wouldn't be right away!

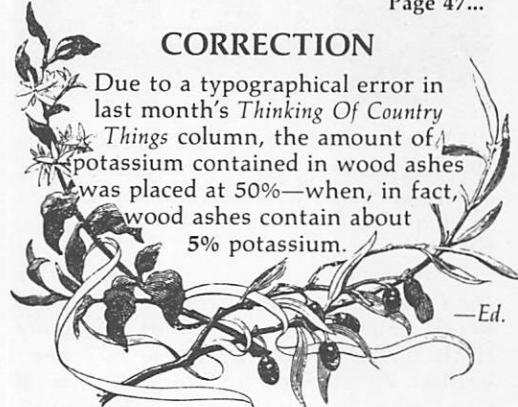
We reached the Royce barnyard by eleven o'clock. There we rested for half an hour and ate sandwiches of ham and eggs Mom had put up. Then we turned our now-less-frisky cattle into the Royce pasture and guided

Page 47...

## CORRECTION

Due to a typographical error in last month's *Thinking Of Country Things* column, the amount of potassium contained in wood ashes was placed at 50%—when, in fact, wood ashes contain about 5% potassium.

—Ed.



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# Heading Out



You are among living things  
as old as the town of Norway itself

## Ordway Grove

by Walter Suomela

These days it's hard to find a wooded area that has not been logged for over a hundred years. There is, however, such a place in existence just a stroll off Norway's Main Street.

Ordway Grove, owned and cared for by the Twin Town Nature Club of Norway and South Paris, is one of the last remaining tracts of land in the state that meets the Critical Areas List for unusual natural significances. In this case it is the grove's pines. Although encompassing only four acres out of the grove's total nine acres, the two-hundred-plus-year-old white pines tower to a height of one hundred and twenty feet, and average thirty-two inches in diameter at breast height. Many of them are free of limbs from the sixty foot mark down. Their trunks stand at pillar-like attention and are living reminders of the town's early history.

The grove, located above the outlet to Norway Lake, gets its name from a local merchant, George James Ordway, who, after moving to the area in 1826, invested in

real estate and established a business in Norway. Ordway bought the tract bordering the bog owned by the early settler Samuel Buck who tended the grist mill at the north side of the lake's outlet. On this tract of land was the wood lot since known as Ordway's Grove.

The preservation of Ordway Grove as a natural stand of woods was first proposed by Vivian Akers, a well-known local artist and photographer. Later a New York journalist by the name of Don Seitz became interested in the grove to the point of actually purchasing the tract and surrounding land. But due to financial difficulties Seitz was able to retain the grove only a short time before selling it to Clarence Morton, the owner of Paris Manufacturing Company, in 1930. In January, 1931, through the generosity of Morton, the grove was presented to the town. The town accepted it as a park and five months later deeded Ordway Grove over to the Twin Town Nature Club.

Under the bylaws of the Nature Club the

area is to be reserved as a public park, most specifically for the people of Norway and Paris. It is significant to note that since the clearing of the area when the town was first settled, man has not interfered with the grove except for the making of a few foot paths as authorized by the Nature Club.

Although Ordway Grove has been accessible to the public for over forty-five years, many local residents aren't aware of its existence. From the lake road the stand doesn't look too much different from any other. Only by setting foot in the park can one feel awed by the lofty trees as they sway



in the breeze, yearly defying gale winds, lightning and ice storms.

As one might suspect, however, a few older trees have yielded to the forces of nature over the years and have fallen. A mixed species hardwood forest is now growing where openings in the canopy have been made. Eventually, all the pines will fall and a hardwood forest of beech, sugar maple, and oak will remain. Some of the oaks are even now as large as the pines. Existing in the middle of the grove is a fine intermediate aged stand of hemlock that after several decades will also be succeeded by the hardwoods.

As one walks slowly through the grove's shadows, one can appreciate the stillness and quiet the park can offer. A stroll, a picnic, or just sitting next to the water in Ordway Grove can be a refreshing way to spend a few minutes and reflect—you are among living things as old as the town of Norway itself. □

*Suomela is building himself a cabin in Norway, having just completed a study of woodlands for firewood usage under the auspices of the Audubon Society.*

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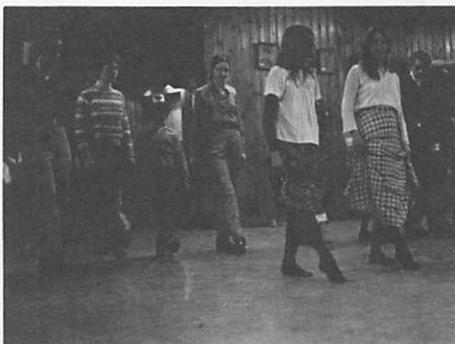
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# Country Dancing: Bringing Your Lady Back Home

*Clockwise from right:*  
Cris Del Cuore (& son  
Tobin), Paul McKinney on  
hammered dulcimer/  
"swing your partner"/  
pennywhistle (Sean McCole),  
banjo (Mark Brandhorst),  
& fiddles play/"Where's  
My Other Foot?"/everyone  
enjoys this/Bob Del Cuore  
and his "flying spoons"/  
Fay Corrin & Carolyn Scott  
teach a line dance





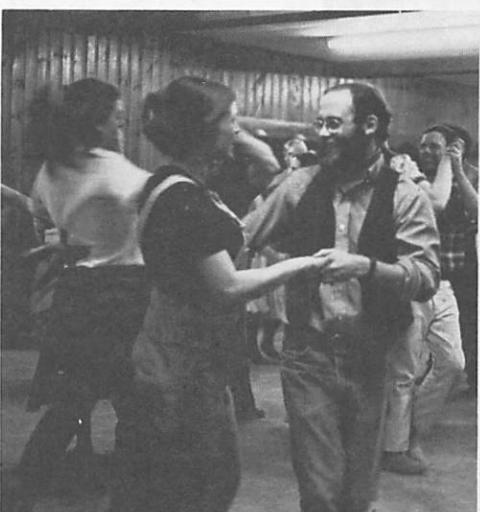
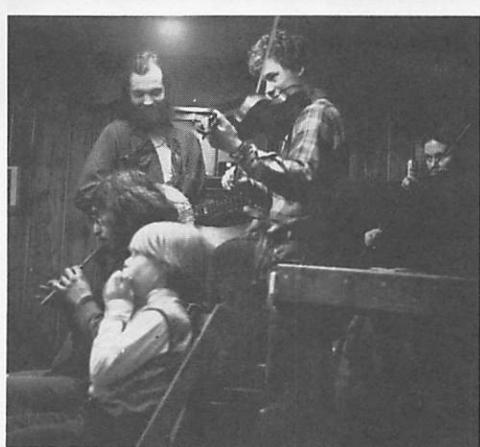
by Nancy Marcotte

*Arkansas Traveler, Hull's Victory  
Portland Fancy, Beaux of Albany.*

They're neither breeds of setting hen nor varieties of hybrid corn, but folk dances which have been done off and on in this country for the past 300 years.

Country dancing, performed to the tune of a thumping fiddle and a twanging banjo or some other combination of simple instruments, is facing a resurgence of interest. Across the state, dancers and musicians have been getting together to learn the traditional jigs and reels, polkas, quadrilles (squares) and contra (line) dances. Groups like the Pine Hill String Band, The Northern Valley Boys and Gray Goose have tried to link up the pockets of interest through a newsletter and a series of regular get-togethers.

Now the Norway-Paris-Oxford area has its own group, formed over the past several months. Calling themselves *The No Name Yet Band*, the eight musicians combine talents on pennywhistles, guitars, spoons, pianos, fiddles, basses and banjos—joined by an occasional hammered dulcimer. During the day band members work as beef farmers, handymen, carpenters, woodsmen, piano teachers and cooks. But for a couple of



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evening hours every few weeks they set that aside to make their music.

In the old days, all it took to start people dancing was a call from a few willing down-home musicians and neighbors would pour into somebody's kitchen for dancing "junkets" which lasted 'til dawn. The late, great fiddler of world renown, Mellie Dunham of Norway, got his start playing for those farmhouse dances. As the groups grew larger, the dances were moved into nearby halls and meeting houses. Sometimes, as was the case with Mellie Dunham's Heywood Club, there was enough enthusiasm to construct a hall especially for the dancing.

As recently as 15 years ago, country dances were regular occasions in most small towns around here. The whole family attended. Grandma danced with Grandpa, babies slept in coatroom corners, little ones learned steps along with their elders, and young people carried on some lively courting.

Every school child learned basic square and contra calls in physical education classes and practiced them at regular dances. Favorites like *Wild Goose Chase*, *Barney Leave The Girls Alone*, *Don't Let The Sap Boil Over*, and *Petticoat Swish* were passed down quite effortlessly from generation to generation.

Many of the dances were colorful reminders of the country's varied cultural heritage: *St. Patrick's Day In The Morning*, *Rory o'More*, *Yarmouth Reel*, *Sicilian Circle*, *Scotch Reel*, *Swedish Dance* and all the quadrilles, polkas, and schottisches.

Although formal groups of square dancers have flourished locally for many years, the new band of country enthusiasts dance to a different tune. According to Carolyn Scott, the group's caller, these musicians are more apt to play traditional French, English, Irish, Russian, or other European numbers, and Early American folk tunes, perhaps filtered through a little bluegrass. This is long skirt and blue-jean, boot-stomping, informal music.

Two of the group's musicians, Pam Chodosh and Cris Del Cuore, have classical music backgrounds. Although all learn a little on their own from books and recordings, when they get together they play by ear, picking up from one another.

"There's a certain audience experience," says guitarist and "spoonist" Bob Del Cuore of the dances themselves. "There are different people with different lifestyles but



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they have a common affection"—country dancing.

"Doing what comes naturally," cracks banjo picker Mark Brandhorst.

Circle waltzes, polkas or jigs can alternate with the lively quadrilles and contras. People swing their partners, promenade, dos-a-do, and grand-right-&-left 'til they're breathing hard. You don't have to be a good dancer. All that's necessary is to listen to the rhythm of the music and follow the calls.

"It's tremendous therapy, great exercise and lots of fun, even if you're just watching," says one recent country dancing convert.

Bryant Pond potter Fay Corrin was the driving force behind the upswing of local interest in country dancing. Things were pretty quiet until she brought a friend in to teach a small group of people some basic steps to recorded music. Then a few musicians got together one day at a barn-raising and realized what could happen. Those musicians became the basis for the current band which includes, besides Pam Chodosh, Mark Brandhorst, and Cris and Bob Del Cuore, Sean McCole, Alva Morrison and, occasionally Paul McKinney (the dulcimer man). Other itinerant musicians sit in from time to time, when they happen to be in town.

The band had been toying with the idea of taking as its name "Rainbow's Journey," symbolizing to some the special feeling which participants in a country dance experience and the joy which every dancer can feel. Many have just discovered it.

Children are even learning to folk dance again in school.

"It releases your libido," chuckles Bob Del Cuore, putting into high-falutin' terms what you know to be true as you follow the call to "bring your lady back home." You're understanding, as Cris Del Cuore says, that "it feels good." □

*Marcotte is BitterSweet's copy and production editor and a part-time student at the University of Southern Maine. She lives in Norway with her two children.*



In the Grange ritual, in symbolic language, is the spiritual foundation of the Grange—one which most of us do not understand because we no longer live close to the land in communities where people are tied to nature by their work.

## Brooks Morton: Blending Co-ops With The Grange

by Ken Morse

On a late fall afternoon I drove through long stretches of National Forest in the sparsely settled township of Albany to visit with Brooks Morton in Bethel. Brooks is active in both the Grange and the co-ops, two movements which seem to be converging, at least in Bethel.

Bethel lies along the Androscoggin River about 20 miles east of New Hampshire, bordered on its west by the lofty peaks of the Mahoosuc Range. Excellent farming land lies along the river, and for years Bethel was one of the richest growing areas in the state. Gradually, the town's economy is shifting to a ski-based tourism.

The Mahoosuc Range mountains are a continuation of the White Mountains in New Hampshire. They include Old Speck, a

4100' peak in Grafton Notch. Grafton Notch is the back country just up from Brooks Morton's native home in Newry. Newry stretches along Bear River, a tributary of the Androscoggin which flows out of Grafton Notch.

Although Brooks is working in Bethel now he, with his wife Vicki and baby Josh, has just moved onto a 9-acre lot in Newry. He hopes to raise lots of food (especially asparagus) and he knows that Newry soils can produce bountifully. He spoke fondly of its past:

"In Newry, because there's such a rapid drop in elevation (a couple of thousand feet in 9 miles), there were 13 mills and over half of them were grist mills. They used to grow some incredible wheat in that valley. There's excellent soil, with 30 feet of glacial debris in spots, very good drainage, and lots of water coming out of the mountains."

Recently, Brooks has been spending most of his time organizing a new market for Maine-grown foods: The Community Food Center, a co-op store which opened in May of last year.

Brooks and a number of other young members of the co-op store are also quite active in the West Bethel Grange. They see that the original spirit which moved the Grange is quite similar to that which moves today's co-ops. They figure that the youthful energy of today's co-ops and the traditional lore embodied in the Grange would combine into a dynamic relation that could strengthen both groups. And they hope planning suppers together will bring both groups together for future co-operation.



For many years now the Grange has been in serious decline, with many Granges closing. The remaining Granges have mainly elderly members who look to the Grange as a ceremonial reminder of the whole fabric of the farming traditions which have practically disappeared in Maine today. It's in this light that younger Grangers, who are struggling for a revival of agricultural productions, play a crucial role in the survival of Grange life. Morton figures that the Grange will fade away within 10 years unless it continues to get new blood.

After a potluck supper, the Grangers retire to the hall where they have their secret session, including a business meeting, and then everyone is welcome to take part in a program which is usually educational or entertaining. The West Bethel Grange has had fiddlers, plays and speakers, especially on agricultural history. They are planning to present some of Wendell Berry's shorter plays, and right now are planning a slide show on the monthly co-op trip to the produce market at Chelsea, Massachusetts.

I asked Brooks why many people perceive Grange ritual as meaningless in their everyday lives. He said this reflected how far our society had removed itself from agricultural ways. It used to be when most people were occupied in some aspect of agriculture, that the Grange and its ceremonies expressed the sense of community not only among the people, but also in relation to the crops and nature.

"A lot of people are reluctant to continue in the Grange, once they've been through and seen what seems to be a senseless ritual. But in it, in symbolic language, is the spiritual foundation of the Grange."

He suggested that people need to be patient and study the ceremonies, trying to grasp through them what it must be like to live close to the land in communities where most people are tied to nature by their work. We no longer understand the symbolic expressions of such folk, because most of us are so far from such a lifestyle. We spend too much time in factories, schools, buildings and cars to grasp the symbols of people who spent most of their hours tilling the soil.

### The Grange Movement

About the mid-1800's, Maine farmers first began to meet regularly in loosely-organized farmer's clubs which played an active role in the social and educational life of Maine's farming communities. In the clubs, farmers reported on research and discussed new methods of production. Nathaniel T. True was the founder of the Bethel club, one of the most active for years. He summed up their value to the individual farmer: "It stirs him up to be a better thinking man as well as a working man."

In the 1870's, Granges spread rapidly across the state, much as they were spreading across rural America, especially in the Mid-west. There farmers were badly hurt by the Panic of 1873 (a depression), and they saw the Grange as a weapon for fighting the railroads and Eastern capitalists that oppressed them.

Maine Grangers apparently shared this alienation from big business. At its first annual session (1875), the State Grange "resolved that, in the opinion of the Grange, the time has come when the farmers of Maine ought to go about their own business, and do it themselves, instead of giving in to others who have long enriched themselves to our disadvantage." So *Patrons of Husbandry* added political functions to the social and educational roles already introduced by the farmers' clubs. The Grange (always a family order) was one of the first organizations in which women shared the leadership roles and offices equally with men, just as they shared the running of the family farms.

Maine Granges grew rapidly (from 18 in 1874 to 228 in 1876). Direct economic actions supplemented political lobbying. Insurance companies and a central purchasing agency in Portland survived for many years, along with many co-operative Grange stores. However, by the 1880's many of the Grange ventures faced difficulty, and the Grange movement began to face heavy losses. From then on the Grange has gone through periods of growth and decline, somewhat reflective of the overall health of Maine agriculture.

## HAND-ME-DOWNS

Old Man Tradition came to my house today with a bag of ancient clothes to sell. Usually, I buy something from him just to keep him alive, but today the coat & hat he took from my ancestors just wouldn't fit me.

Dana Lowell  
Buckfield



Morton says that for young folks who are looking for ways that reflect a revived reverence for the land and its fruits, Grange ceremonies are most appropriate. "It's also invigorating to hang out with the older folks who grew up on the farms. These old folks enjoy relating stories of the old ways, and they can often capture insights in very few words. Whereas you may spend hours reading scores of new books on homesteading, these old people can inform and inspire you about doing it right here in just a few minutes."

Let's hope that the Co-op/Grange suppers catch on and unite the young and old alike in reviving these lands to the fruitful production they've known in years gone by. □

*Ken Morse is a Coordinator at Fare Share Co-op Store in South Paris and a worker at Morse Orchards in Waterford. This article was originally written for **The Cultivator**, the newspaper for Maine's Federation of Co-operatives, a grass-roots, consumer-run food organization.*

# Maine Is Forever

(excerpts from a seasonal account of rural life  
during the first fifty years of this century)

## Part VI

by Inez Farrington

June is my favorite month of the year and I am sure that I am not alone in my opinion. It gets off to a good start, beginning with my birthday on the first day. It is the month of roses, brides, mosquitoes, and summer guests; and also the month for music from thousands of song birds who wake us at five o'clock each morning. Maine's birds have not all arrived in May, and by July the heat has hushed their early morning songs, but through June they are going full tilt. Poets have asked, "What is so rare as a day in June?" Maine people know the answer: it is the early dawn before day comes. No other dawn in the year is like it, when it is daylight at four-thirty and you know you do not have to get up yet. You can have your choice of turning over for another nap or getting up to watch a sunrise that is worth the effort.

More and more each year, summer people are coming to Maine in June. They are learning that it is the best month of the year:

not too hot, not too cold, but just the happy medium. The early risers are the ones who get the most for their money. You need no alarm clock to wake you when the sun is poking a warm ray of light in your eyes and dozens of robins are just outside your window calling, "Get up cheerily, get up cheerily."

Maine might well be called Picnic Land as well as Vacation Land. We are a family who believe in having a picnic on the smallest excuse possible. They seldom are the kind where you drive two hundred miles to eat a lunch from a picnic box with all the fancy fixings. Maine's best picnic spots are all carefully marked "No Trespassing" or "Private Land," but we know where to find places that bear the mark only of God and the early settlers, where there are no man-made beaches or seats with umbrellas. Our picnics are simple: we just decide suddenly on a warm Sunday afternoon to go, put



whatever odds and ends of food we have in an old shoe box, and go. My only luxury is hot coffee in a thermos bottle. The children drink water carried in milk bottles with ice chipped in them. Our favorite picnic ground is the north end of town where now there are only fields, cellar holes, and cemeteries to show that people once lived here. An old cellar hole has a great attraction for the children. We spread a blanket close to one and while we eat we dream of a time when a home stood there. There are a few roses still growing around the cellar wall and we can see in our imagination shadows of full skirts and tiny waistlines by the bush that has lived on while Time, the great destroyer, has removed things that once seemed more important than a few tiny flowers. We name the boys and girls we see going down to the brook for a swim with good old-fashioned names like John, Nancy, Patience and Sarah. We can see Nancy falling from her swing in the old maple tree while Mother sends John in a hurry for the nearest neighbor two miles away. We watch them grow up and marry neighborhood boys and girls, see them settle down farther up the road where the next cellar holes are.

After lunch we look for deer and bear tracks and find where a deer with her two babies slept in the grass the night before; we wander up to the old burying ground and spend hours there looking at the old headstones where we find the resting place of entire families; we feel grief for the death of Martha who died at three years from diphtheria. To some this would not seem a pleasant way to spend a Sunday afternoon, but we all enjoy going back to yesterday. Only a few miles over a rough road we are away from sight and sound of today, unless a plane comes over the mountain. We wonder what Sarah or Martha would say if they could see it.

We have another kind of picnic which I imagine gives the neighbors and those passing by as much fun and amusement as it does us. We sometimes wonder what dignified summer people think of it, but that does nothing to spoil our pleasure. Often on a very hot evening we decide to serve supper out on the lawn. Ours is a front lawn just as Nature made it, in full view of anyone who cares to look. If we decide to eat there suddenly, as we generally do for we are a family of sudden impulses, the supper very often is not the kind to adapt itself to a lawn

picnic. However, Lois and I serve it on paper plates to the family, who either sit or lie on the ground. The cats and dogs always join us. The dog is well-behaved and waits for whatever we toss her, but if you are not watching, the cats may taste your coffee. The stars and mosquitoes come out at the same time, but as we get in an argument about the heavens and their mysteries, the mosquitoes are forgotten. Janice likes to think the man in the moon is Santa, who watches boys and girls all year to see if they are good or bad.

After every scrap is cleaned up, and the dogs and cats have what is left in the way of bread crusts, we sit and listen for the evening thrush's song. Thrushes are shy and do not come near a house, and they sing only after sunset so we have to listen closely to hear them over across the brook. Their song is a series of minor notes up and down the scale and has a sound like musical chains.

Before we realize it, it is time for bed. The lawn is covered with fruit skins, dirty dishes, and paper napkins. How different from the neat orderly lawns of city people and summer guests! But we are rested, the hot day is forgotten, and we can go to sleep with no aid from sleeping tablets. Hard work with some simple fun can accomplish what pills can never do.

June is a month when summer folks descend on us from all states and directions. We welcome them gladly for they are our friends. They bring extra money to the state and we are proud to have the chance to show off the beauties of our state to them. Most of them have learned to love Maine as we do, but their love only lasts through June to September. No summer guests would love us in December as they do in May. They never get to understand us or really know us, even after years of association. They judge us by outward appearances and that is something no native of Maine is ever guilty of doing. We judge folks by their real worth; their clothes or the way they talk has nothing to do with it. A dirty dress can hide a heart of gold just as a torn work shirt can conceal the soul of a hard working man whose only thought is for the comfort and well-being of his family. We dislike being criticized by summer people and being judged in our way of living. We are human, and our homes and what we own are either the best we can afford or the way we want them.

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We speak briefly and to the point, even at the cost of sometimes being thought ill-mannered. We have very little use for the letter R. We have our own slogans and Yankee expressions handed down from one generation to the next. A favorite expression is "my soul and body" for anything that surprises us. Things go to "rack and ruin" if they are neglected. We do a great deal of "figgering things out." We say "coop" instead of coupe, "popple" trees for poplar, and "he has common sense" if he shows good judgement—all of them good old sensible Maine words. We are slow to come to a decision, but once we do, it usually works out well. Watch a farmer, stooped and grey, with rough hands from years of hard work, sit on a rock in the sunshine and think how the lower field could be made to yield better crops next year. Or maybe he is "figgering out" why his neighbor's cornfield has more and better corn than his. His thoughts may stray to the heifer calf or to the Grange meeting tonight. His eyes see the clouds in the west and the flash of blue as a bluebird soars upward. He smells the earth and the faint odor of gasoline from the cars on the road below. He wonders idly what they are having for supper tonight and if Mary will get home from her school this week-end. To you he may be a tired old man half-asleep in the warm sun, but he is awake, alert, and looking toward the future—just "figgering things out."

We could get the weather report on the radio at any time, but we depend on our own signs to forecast tomorrow's weather. We say "it smells like rain," and "this is a snow air." We can "feel" thunder before it comes and spot a "weather breeder." Earthquakes are about the only things in the weather line that we cannot forecast correctly, and I am sure if they were more frequent we would soon learn the signs for them. If the kittens are unusually full of fun and mischief, I know that the wind will blow. Maine's beautiful sunsets are Nature's way of telling us that tomorrow will be fine and clear.

Summer guests who come once to Maine always return, although they often fail to understand the people who live here. Once

Page 38...



*Photo by Tom Stockwell*

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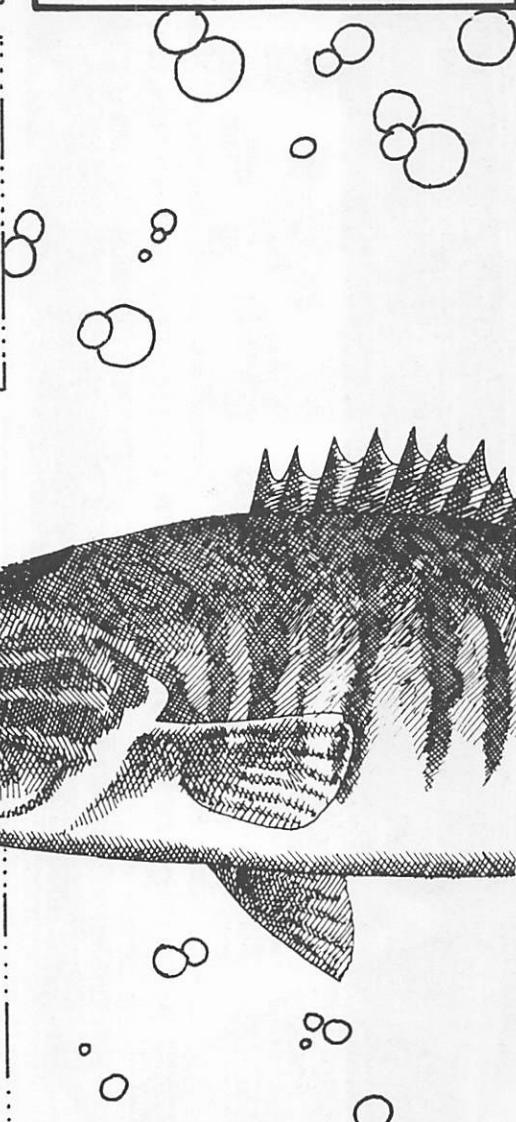


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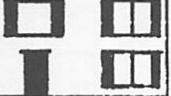
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# Making It

## Bill Under The Hill

by Jennifer Wixson



Bill Yates lives on Round-The-Pond Road in North Norway. He's earned the name "Bill Under The Hill" by nestling his mobile home and woodworking shop into the hillside below Noble's Corner. The name seems to suit him. It brings to mind fairies and gnomes and the magical things of childhood. And there's something magical about the way Bill Yates takes a piece of wood and brings it to life. If you didn't see him working away in his woodcarving shop that's hidden behind the house, you'd swear he just turned around with a piece of pine in his hand and came up with a birdhouse.

He's a retired army man who started woodcraft with a hatchet, handsaw, and pencil—and finally realized his lifelong

dream by opening his own shop "the fall before two winters ago." You may have seen some of his hand- and router-carved signs around town, or in New Hampshire or Vermont. Or even as far south as Florida. Or perhaps you remember seeing his blue ribbon signs at the Fryeburg Fair last year. But even if you've never seen or heard of Bill Yates, you will. His small business is slowly building until, in fact, it's getting in the way of his second love—fishing. "I just work when I feel like it," Yates told me, pulling on his pipe. "If somebody comes along and wants to go fishing, we go fishing."

Yates was born sixty five years ago to Bertha and Grover Yates of Greenwood. He attended Norway Chapel District School in

Northwest Norway where he met his wife Dot (though they weren't married until years later). Yates started his thirty-year military career in 1931 by joining the Norway National Guard, 103rd Infantry, under Harry Twitchell. In 1932 he went into active duty in the Army and has at one time or another been in every branch of the service including the Navy and Marines. Of his military years he most remembers the attack on Normandy during World War II.

"Normandy beachhead," Yates paused, looking off at the Greenwood Tower hanging in the distance, "we were the second wave ashore." Another long pause. "We fought the Germans all the way to Berlin." Suddenly Yates shook his head and grinned. "We're not talking about war; how're your birdhouses?"

When Yates was later stationed at Fort Dix in New Jersey, he met a man who taught him how to carve the signs which now seem to be popping up all over the Oxford Hills area. "I never knew his name," Yates remembered. "I just called him John. I went to school to him at his place. He was 80 years old."

Yates finished out his thirty years in the service, then retired to work at several different jobs in the area, most of them wood-related. He spent several years working for the Maxfield brothers, contractors—and spent his spare time picking up tools with which he later opened up his own business.

Perhaps one of the reasons Yates is so popular now is his amiability. He'll go out of his way to please his customers, and his prices are more than reasonable. Most of the money he makes, in fact, he turns back into the business. "I call it donations when people buy something," Yates laughed. "If they want to donate, that's all right." And he himself has donated a lot of his time to others. "I built a fellow a 32-foot shed," he went on. "Didn't get paid for it. Didn't have anything to do and it gave me something. That's before my shop was built and I had time on my hands." He also made a 25th wedding anniversary plaque for his friends Tite and Theola. "The hand-carved sign was 20 inches in diameter and took over eight hours to make.

Besides building birdhouses and signs, Yates does a considerable amount of general carpentry. He restores old furniture and makes jewelry boxes. In fact, there's not

much he can't do, and this is witnessed by his homestead—everything in sight, with the exception of his mobile home, he built himself. "Everything" consists of his shop, a garage, a storage shed, trinkets and trim, and wandering fields of fences.

Somehow Bill Yates, in his dusty black army boots, green work shirt, feathered hat and pipe, is a solid link between the past and the present. His simple, sturdy birdhouses are a seasonal reminder that nature hasn't changed, yet his business and entertainment signs reflect the ever-changing society that is ours.

At a time when people aren't sure about what tomorrow will bring, Bill Yates is quick to say he plans on woodworking for as long as he lives. He hasn't let it tie him down, though, and he doesn't intend to. Will he be busy this year, does he think? Yates laughed. "Yes and no. If I'm home I'll be busy—if I'm fishing, I'll be fishing."

Take a drive around Norway Lake this summer and stop in and see this local craftsman. And if he's not out fishing he'll be right there. Under the hill. □

Wixson, a correspondent for the **Lewiston Sun/Journal**, lives on Crockett Ridge in Norway.

## HOUSING SHORTAGE

The swallows always came in early spring  
To build among the rafters in the barn,  
Constructing homes of ravelled strands  
of string,  
Dried grasses, mud and worked-in bits  
of yarn.  
In days gone by we watched them as they  
flew  
With great precision through the window  
frames  
Set high in the peak; saw them pursue  
And dive-bomb passing pets in teasing  
games.  
Neglected, weighted with the winter's snow,  
The hand-hewn timbers finally gave way.  
A relic of the times we used to know,  
The barn collapsed and lies there to decay.  
Apartment hunting is a futile quest:  
Now where will home-returning swallows  
nest?

Otta Louise Chase  
Sweden

# Folk Tales

*top row (l to r) Emily Elliot, Annette Brown, Gail Kimball, Bette Sanborn, Kristi Bancroft, Kelly Quinn  
middle (l to r) Sue Tame, Jaye Churchill, Karalee Foster, Susanna Burger, Laurie Bean. bottom (l to r) Missy Hibbert, Lisa Smith, Kathy Sawicki, Holly Bancroft, Cheryl Broberg, Sherri Kimball*



## THE VIKETTES & FLUTE ENSEMBLE of Oxford Hills High School

They are seventeen multi-talented young ladies. They come from every town in Maine School Administrative District 17. And the first week of this month they will be performing in Florida at the invitation of Walt Disney World and Sea World.

The Vikettes and Flute Ensemble of Oxford Hills High School is a small group with a large and harmonious sound. They will travel via Amtrak to the south for one of the most prestigious singing engagements any group from Maine has had.

"It's good for our community to realize that we do have a good sound, and that someone else thinks we do measure up," says their lively director Cynthia Wescott. She initiated plans for the trip when she heard other groups performing at Disney World and wondered why they got to go when Oxford Hills could do better.

Realizing that she had one of the most musically successful groups in the fifteen-year history of the Vikettes, and that she would be losing six of the members, including the entire alto section, to graduation this year, Mrs. Wescott decided to try for the honor of the invitation.

State Representative Don Twitchell got the group the opportunity to sing at the Maine State House and from that engagement came recommendations from two Governors and a Secretary of State. Together with superior ratings from the head of the University of Southern Maine Music Department and a state adjudicator, these recommendations got them an approval for audition.

Using taping equipment loaned by V. H. Ashton's in Norway, the girls spent a

nervous two hours recording a 15 minute tape representative of their songs and styles. The tape was sent to Florida and the invitation to sing came back.

Then began the hard work, because the Vikettes had to raise money for their trip. Unlike other musical endeavors at the school, the Vikettes and their male counterparts, the fledgling Viking Voices, are practically self-supporting. Members began canvassing local towns selling pens. Then donations began to come in from businesses in the area, O.H.H.S. Student Council, and Keyettes. The Vikettes made themselves some new green outfits and sponsored a dance.

The community fund-raising effort reached a peak, however, with an impressive Musical Revue in May. Foremost in the program were the many talents of the girls themselves, but they were joined by others, including The Hebron Experience Barbershop Quartet, former Vikettes, local singers, and—the delight of the evening—the return of favorites from popular community musicals of the past five years: *Oliver*, *Once Upon A Mattress*, and *Fiddler On The Roof*.

"One of the most stupendous results of this effort has been the support of the community," Mrs. Wescott says, "...all the nice things people said and did. From out of nowhere came these fantastically talented people to help us."

The girls deserve all the praise and support they have received. They have a special sound—a rare ability to sing difficult diminished harmonies and to carry them throughout pieces of unaccompanied music.

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# Goings On

## SPECIAL

WESTERN MAINE GEM & MINERAL FESTIVAL: Sponsored by Oxford County Gem & Mineral Association for the 18th year. July 7 & 8, Rumford Center School, Rte 2, Rumford, Maine. Exhibits, demonstrations and field trips to Plumbago Mine, Black Mountain—the most popular gem & mineral club show in the state.

## ART

WESTERN MAINE ART GROUP: Beginning summer schedule—June 12-24, Portland School of Art Travelling Exhibit; June 26-July 8, 18th Annual Members Show. Gallery on upper Main Street, Norway. Hrs: Tues.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 2-7. Donation.

QUILT SHOW: sponsored by Pine Tree Quilters' Guild, June 22, 23, 24, 10-5 daily at North Hall Dining Room, University of Maine, South St., Farmington. Fabrics, findings, handcrafts for sale, handmade quilts on exhibit. Donation \$1.00. For information contact Virginia Morrell, Chandler Rd., Strong, Me. 04938.

## MUSIC

NO NAME YET BAND: Country dancing of all types, good music and instruction. June 9, Norway Legion Hall, 8 p.m.

## JUNE BRAINTEASER

A coffee company made a survey of the number of people who drink tea and coffee. An investigator handed in the following report to the president of the company:

Number of people interviewed .....	100
Number who drink coffee .....	78
Number who drink tea .....	71
Number who drink both tea and coffee ..	48
Number who drink neither tea nor coffee ..	0

When the president read the report, he noticed a mistake and fired the interviewer. What was the error?

## ANSWER TO MAY BRAINTEASER

The first candle burned a total of six hours and the second burned a total of four hours. In two hours (8:30-10:30) the first candle burns as much as the second burns in  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours (8:30 - 10:00); that is, the two candles burn in the ratio of 4 to 3. Therefore, in six hours, the first burns as much as the second in  $4\frac{1}{2}$  hours, so that the second must have required  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour to burn one inch. Therefore, the second candle must have been 8 inches long originally, and the first candle 9 inches long.

*Send in your answer to the June Brainteaser—the first correct answer wins its sender a year's free subscription to **BitterSweet**. Mail to P. O. Box 178, Oxford, Maine 04270.*

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## HIGHLIGHTS OF HEBRON ACADEMY'S 175th ANNIVERSARY

HEBRON ACADEMY celebrated its 175th Anniversary with a gala festival on May 12, 1979. Pictured above is the Anniversary Parade, led by a 1907 Stanley Steamer from the Wells Auto Museum (invented by an Academy alumnus and former Trustee, Freelan O. Stanley), and comprised of other classic automobiles, a Merrill Transport oil wagon pulled by Belgian horses, Max Pulsifer's musical fair wagon, the Oxford Hills Pop Band, the Butterfield Militia and a float designed by Hebron students. Raffles, athletic events such as a golf contest, tennis and lacrosse matches, and a track meet were planned to coincide with musical numbers from the theatre department's production of *Pippin*, the sale of autographed Academy histories, and hot-air balloon ascensions. A huge birthday cake in the shape of Sturtevant Hall topped off a festive day for nearly a thousand participants.

□

The truly versatile vegetable can make wonderful treats for children. Next time your kids are underfoot just when you're preparing supper, try giving them the chore of preparing the baked potatoes.

### POTATO BLOSSOMS

500° oven, 4 baking potatoes, vegetable oil or bacon drippings,  $\frac{1}{2}$  stick margarine, parsley flakes and seasoned salt. Wash the potatoes in cool water, scrub with a brush, and pat them dry. Rub a couple of drops of salad oil or grease on each one, covering the entire skin to soften it while it bakes. Prick several times with a fork to allow steam to escape, and bake one hour.

In a small saucepan, melt the margarine and let the children stir in 4 shakes of parsley flakes and 2 shakes of seasoned salt. Keep the margarine warm until the potatoes are done (when a fork goes in easily). Split across the top with a knife. When the two ends of the potato are pushed in toward the middle, the potato will open up like a flower. Pour a spoonful of the margarine mixture on the blossom and serve at once.

After supper, try a simple craft project for the children, using potatoes:

### POTATO PRINTING

potatoes	felt-tipped pen
knife	poster paint
paint brush	paper towels
blank paper or cards to print on	

Cut a potato in half and draw a simple outlined design on the raw white side with a felt-tipped pen. Cut away the exposed surface of the potato outside the outline to a depth of about  $\frac{1}{8}$ " so that the design is slightly raised above the surface. Blot the potato on a paper towel and paint the design with poster paint on a brush. Press painted design on paper. Replace the potato if it gets mushy.

At right is a century-old photograph of a potato field in Waterford

Potatoes are Portable. Have you ever taken them camping? Greased, wrapped carefully in tin foil and buried, skins on, in the coals of a campfire, they have a whole new, delicious flavor.

The first portable potatoes were carried by the Spaniards from Chile and Columbia, where they were cultivated by the Indians, to Europe in the 16th Century following the

Home

### POTATO: THE VERSATILE

(P)

by Nan

Spanish Conquest. From there, Sir Walter Raleigh carried them to England in 1585. Soon after, they were brought to the Virginia colonies where they found receptive growing conditions. They were carried west by settlers and cowboys—they kept well, cooked fast and could be saved for seed easily—the perfect portable crop.

Next to Indian corn, potatoes have been the most important staple food contribution to the temperate regions of the world. They are now grown in Germany, Russia, Austria, France, Great Britain and the United States.

Things have not always been easy for the starchy tuber plant. It has had a checkered



# made

## SATILE VEGETABLE

Part 2)

by Marcotte

past. In 1847 when the Irish farmers were still living in virtual serfdom, the failure of the potato crop, on which they were almost totally dependent, led to widespread famine. Since English officials refused to either bring in food or allow the fishermen to catch more fish, thousands of Irishmen died of hunger, thousands emigrated to America, and thousands more remained in Ireland fostering hatred of British control which remains today.

In Russia, the peasants once starved while raising potatoes for distilling into vodka. However, today we have some delicious "sweet" potato recipes that will "intoxicate"



you on a milder level.

### NEEDHAMS

1 c. mashed potato	1/2 tsp. salt
two 1-lb. pkgs. confectionary	1 stick margarine
sugar	1/2 lb. flaked coconut
2 tsp. vanilla	

Mash unseasoned cooked potato, add salt. Melt margarine in a double boiler over boiling water, add potato, sugar, coconut and vanilla. Mix well and pour evenly into a greased pan to harden in a cool place. When hard, cut into small squares and dip into the following chocolate mixture:

One 12-oz. pkg. choc. chips 4 sq. unsweetened chocolate  
1/2 cake of paraffin (the type used to top jelly)

In the top of the (clean) double boiler, melt paraffin over boiling water. Add two kinds of chocolate, melt and stir well. Dip the hardened candy squares into the chocolate mixture with toothpick, drain well over the chocolate, place on waxed paper sheets to harden. Makes about 5 dozen.

### POTATO FROSTING

A good, quick frosting can be made by boiling a small potato, mashing it and adding powdered confectionary sugar to the consistency you like, and 1 tsp. vanilla.

Potatoes can be pretty helpful around the house too. For instance, a peeled raw potato placed in the refrigerator will absorb odors, and, boiled in a teakettle, it will remove lime build-ups.

Potatoes are remarkably easy to grow. For seed, pick the plumpest, best-shaped and most scab-free potatoes you have. Bury them whole, in dry sand in a cold cellar until spring. Then cut the potatoes into pieces, with an eye or two in each piece and dry for 24 hours before planting. They like acid soil, and they're planted about 4" deep in hills 1-2 feet apart in early spring.

If you companion-plant potatoes with beans, they will guard against bean beetles, and spring peas will form a mutual aid society with potatoes when they are planted together. In addition, green peas and tiny new potatoes cooked together are one of the most delightful taste treats of early summer.

Horticulturists now advise that you don't put potatoes with apples in your storage cellar, for the symbiotic effect of the ethylene gas from the apples will hasten the growth of the vegetables so that they won't keep well, and the apples will taste flat. And that is the whole story of the Versatile Vegetable. □

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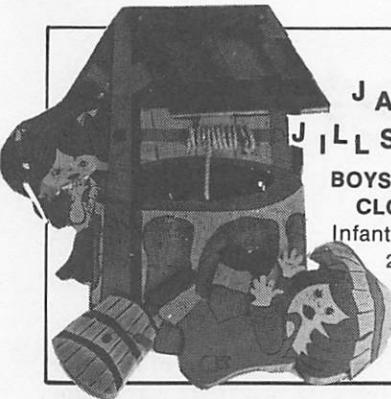
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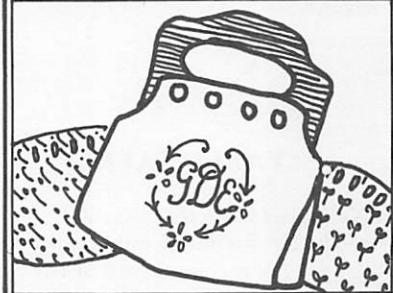
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# Conversation

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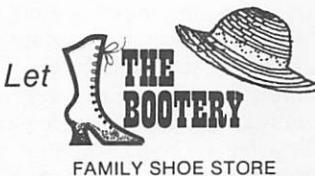
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# BitterSweet Notes:

## TABLE TALK

*The Nutritional Status of Maine Adults*, a report prepared by Dr. Richard Cook, Louise Taber, and Barbara Footer, members of the School of Human Development at the University of Maine at Orono, samples the eating habits of 100 adults (50 male, 50 female) selected at random from each of the 16 Maine counties.

Not surprisingly, obesity emerged as the major dietary problem. One out of every four adults in Oxford County was found to be carrying excess weight. Generally, males were 35 lbs. heavier and females were 21 lbs. heavier than their reference counterparts.

When diets were examined, the total caloric intake was found to be average. The amounts of fat and protein consumed were high. Most adults in Oxford County ate almost twice the amount of protein recommended each day, and fat consumption was 10-12% above the desirable level.

Many adults in the county were found to take vitamin and mineral supplements. All people surveyed received 100% or more of the recommended daily allowances (RDA) of vitamins. High levels of vitamins A and C were cited. Vitamin C was consumed in amounts almost twice the RDA. This follows the trend found throughout the U.S.—especially after the publicity about Vitamin C and prevention of the common cold.

"The iron intake was usually low among women and high among men," the report states. With the amount of iron in women's diets 30% below average, chances of their becoming anemic would be high.

The fact that the caloric intake was found to be average and the recommended daily allowances (RDA) of vitamins and minerals were fulfilled does not necessarily mean people are eating balanced diets. Foods must be selected from the four basic food groups (meat, grain, milk, eggs). The amount of plant fiber or roughage being consumed must also be considered.

Other factors were revealed in the study. Individuals were asked if there was a family history of degenerative disease or other nutrition-related problems. The most common conditions reported were cancer (52%), heart disease (52%), arteriosclerosis (29%), and diabetes (24%). These may be, and most probably are, related to diet. Of course, genetic background is also a factor. Tobacco smoking was reported among 26% of the females and in 56% of the males.

How did Oxford County compare to other parts of the state? The trends were generally the same. Most Maine adults were overweight—men 20-40 lbs. above average and females up to 30 lbs. above average—even though caloric intakes were at or below recommended levels. Fat and protein intakes were high and carbohydrate intakes low throughout the state. Average Vitamin C intakes were consistently very high. Iron and calcium intakes were low among women and normal for men. Cigarette smoking was found among 30-50% of males and females state-wide.

What can be done to change these statistics? The U. S. Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Need recommends the following "Dietary Goals" for Americans:

- increase the intake of fruits, vegetables, and whole grains.
- decrease consumption of meat and increase consumption of poultry and fish.
- decrease consumption of foods high in fat and partially substitute polyunsaturated fats for saturated fats.
- substitute non-fat milk for whole milk.
- decrease consumption of butterfat, eggs, and foods high in cholesterol.
- decrease consumption of sugar and foods high in sugar content.
- decrease consumption of salt and foods high in salt content.

In addition, people ought to be careful when taking oil-soluble vitamins such as Vitamin A because they are stored in the body and therefore can reach harmful and even toxic levels. Water-soluble vitamins like Vitamin C or the B complex dissolve in water so the extra amounts leave the body through the urine.

Caution must be exercised in drawing generalizations about the nutritional status of Maine adults from the report. The diet information was based on 24-hour recall procedure where the people recalled verbally what they had eaten in the past twenty-four hours and it may, therefore, not be entirely accurate. Also questioned in many studies are sampling techniques and methods of analyzing the data. Regardless of this, the study is informative and worthy of consideration as a means toward improving local eating habits. □

Sue Bell

*Bell is health education coordinator for S.A.D. 17.*

---

## YOU DON'T SAY

This account is based on hearsay and I cannot vouch for its historical accuracy, but for what it's worth, I will pass the information on as it was told to me many years ago by an old gentleman who lived near Rattlesnake Pond in Brownfield.

It isn't called Rattlesnake any more. The realtors didn't think it was the type of a name which would attract buyers of shore lots, so they had the Legislature change the name to Pequawket Lake.

Long years before the name change, the lake underwent a startling physical transformation. It came about in this manner:

In the early 1860's, the Portland & Ogdensburg Railroad Company was formed to build a line through the White Mountains from Portland to Ogdensburg, New York.

The ox cart and stage coach interests which operated between New Hampshire and Portland, Maine were horrified. They foresaw the end to their passenger and freight business. So, putting their heads together, they raised some money and formulated a plan to discourage the railroad

company. They bribed the engineers who were surveying the course of the right-of-way to select a layout that would make the railroad as expensive as possible to build.

The surveyors ran the right-of-way through every pond, gully, and hill they could without appearing too obvious. However the plan failed—the railroad company went ahead anyway, regardless of the expense.

A representative of the railroad who had been working in the Brownfield-Hiram area for some time obtaining land for the right-of-way was given a chance for revenge. He noticed that Rattlesnake Pond was separated from the high water mark of the Saco River by a relatively narrow embankment and that the outlet of the pond ran away into Tenmile Brook, one of the tributaries of the Saco.

On a warm day in late June he came across a group of teen-age boys swimming on the easterly shore of Rattlesnake. During idle conversation, he planted his evil seed. He suggested that it wouldn't take much to cut through the bank to the river and give the pond a new outlet.

As the fourth of July approached his seed matured. Feeling that it would be a stupendous bit of Fourth of July hell-raising, the boys got a team of oxen and a plow and ran several deep furrows from a point near the pond to the Saco River. The final breakthrough was to be left for the morning of the Fourth.

However, during the night, by some unexplained turn of events, a trickle of water found its way between the pond and the newly turned furrows. The trickle became a stream and the stream a roaring torrent. The level of the pond fell ten feet. Its area was decreased by many acres. And the P & O Railroad was saved the many thousands of dollars it would have cost to build its causeway across the pond.

Next day, the railroad representative chided the boys: "Look at the mess you have made. You oughta be horse-whipped." But it is strongly suspected that his remarks were delivered with tongue in cheek. □

Raymond Cotton  
Hiram



## ...Page 24      Maine Is Forever

the state gets a grip on you it never lets you go. Maybe that is our reason for our loyalty to our state and each other. Just as our loved ones have faults that we dislike, Maine also has them. Nothing is too perfect to have faults, but if love is real and sincere we either fail to notice them or overlook them. The liking for Maine will come at a stranger's first visit but the true affection comes only from living here and getting to know the people as they really are.

Examples of Maine's friendliness and aid to the needy are found in the pound parties that are given families who have lost their homes by fire, or when illness strikes the breadwinner. Each neighbor gives a pound of something—coffee, butter, sugar, or anything that can be used. Large boxes are put out in the local store and each customer will donate articles for a needy family, and it is very rare when strangers or traveling salesmen see the box and do not add some article to the collection. These strangers never see the family, but do their bit and go on their way with a true Maine feeling that they have helped a neighbor. These things can mean a great deal, the difference between hope and despair. Kind deeds and comforting words can do much to ease any tragedy and Maine people always give freely of both.

June is the month when we make plans for the summer, many of which we lack time to carry through, for Maine summers are short and there is so much to do either at work or play. It is the month when young gardens, like all young things, are a great deal of trouble; but just as a baby or a puppy pays off in big dividends, our gardens do also. They not only pay their way in cash, food value, and a cellar full of canned goods, but they give the certain satisfaction of knowing you have fought birds, deer, bugs, and the weather—and won. A man or a woman who has never hoed a potato field on a June evening, with the sun sinking behind the mountain, while busy robins sing their twilight songs, has missed a part of real living.

Even Maine farmers usually have an annual vacation, not in July or August, but in the late fall after the work eases up. Final plans for these vacations are started in June and in all families are a source of argument. Maine people seldom decide on a vacation in the mountains or at the seashore, since we

can see mountains all the time and the sea is near enough for most of Maine's folks to see on a Sunday trip. But the big question still is, "Where shall we go?" Being a state of many small towns and rural districts, most folks plan a trip where they can visit a city or cities. "Shall we go up to Boston and visit Aunt Katie?" "We could go see our cousins in Pennsylvania, or shall we go to the Springfield Exposition where so much can be seen of new methods in farming, where there is splendid entertainment and something doing all the time?" Maybe in the end they will settle for three days at Topsham Fair, spending the nights in overnight cabins, or they may decide to find out what Canada looks like. Wherever they go, it takes many happy hours of planning and it gives them something to look forward to through the busy months.

Summer guests will find us much like folks from any state—honest, reliable, trying to earn a living and with our hands ready to grasp the hand of a tourist in welcome. Our welcome mat is not put out in June and taken in on Labor Day; it is there year-round. You might sometimes have to shake the snow off it or look to see where the wind has blown it, but it is there during every month. Our own Lake Keewaydin has taken summer guests to its shores and heart. We have watched the early visitors build cottages there, have heard of their deaths, and seen the homes pass on to the next generation. We have watched the babies who came with their parents, watched their growth each summer—and now see them building their own cottages. As long as whitecaps foam on the shores of Lake Keewaydin there will be summer cottages and visitors there; and our town, like all Maine towns, will be glad to see them.

Like Uncle Levi, we may be "set" in our ways, but our ways are those of politeness and helpfulness to our guests. In return for being good hosts we expect them to be good guests—to ask permission to cut a tree on our land or go hiking through our hayfields, not to leave pasture gates open, and to drive carefully through our towns. □

(continued next month)

*Mrs. Farrington, a native of East Stoneham, now resides at Ledgeview Nursing Home in West Paris. She wrote her book **Maine Is Forever**, from which the above article is reprinted, in 1954.*



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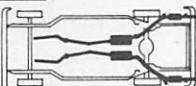
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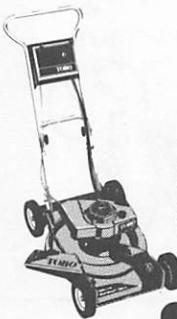
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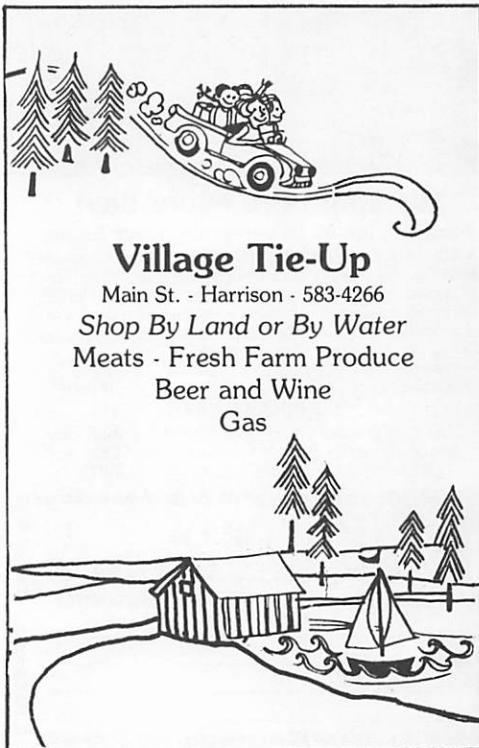
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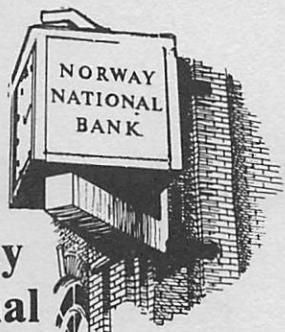
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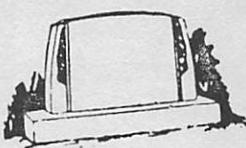
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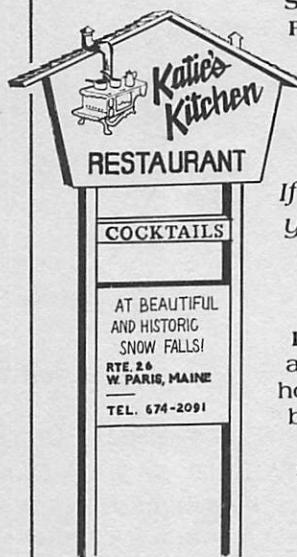
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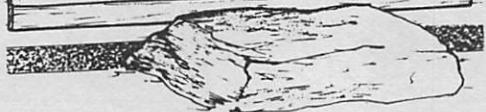
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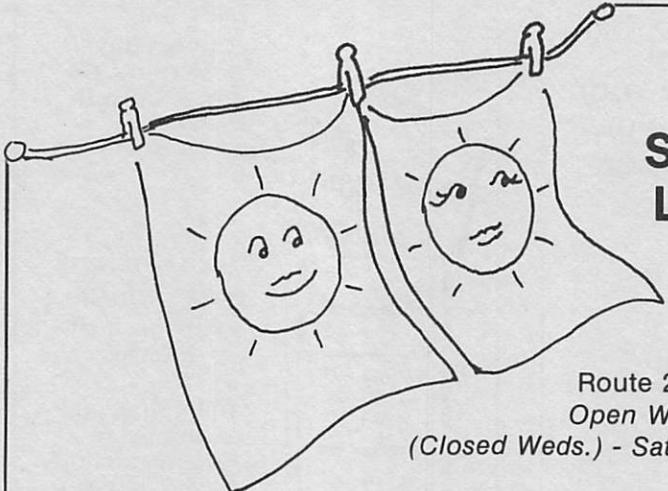
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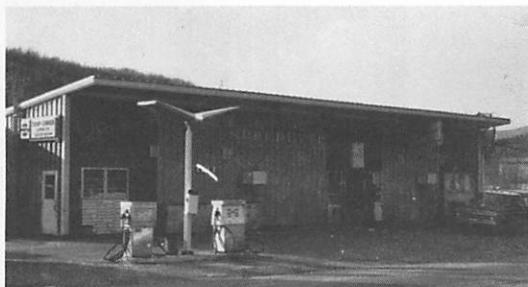
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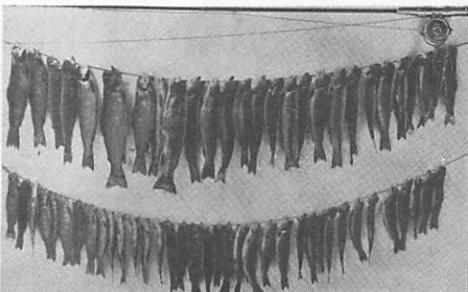


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# Thinking Of Country Things

by John Meader  
**SOIL FERTILITY**

Last month I wrote about soil preparation and got into a few technicalities. But my premise was and is that soil isn't simple.

Before I move on to the matter of fertility, I feel sort of honor-bound to explain what really got me started thinking about soil; and that is the varying reports one hears and reads these days about soil conditions in the United States.

The latest such report that I have seen is "Agriculture in Maine" out of the State Planning Office. What it has to say about Maine, Aroostock County and potato growing particularly, is typical of other such reports. Fertility is down and great quantities of valuable topsoil are being lost to soil erosion.

This is bad news. Historians of agriculture usually state that civilizations pass through three phases in their use of farmland. They go from exploitation to conservation to development.

The United States, generally speaking, is somewhere between phases one and two, and in Aroostock County and elsewhere, it now appears we are undergoing a case of backsliding. Conservation is not being practiced.

Why is this happening? The answer, I think, is predominantly an economic one. Some would blame the extensive use of chemical fertilizers, but that's to mistake a possible symptom for the cause of the disease.

Economically, farming is on hard times. While farm income has increased perhaps 20% over the last decade or so, machinery costs (to note a crucial example since American farming is machine-intensive) have shot up over 200% in some instances.

To further illustrate the farmer's plight, back during the '30's, one dollar of farm income supported or "floated" two dollars of indebtedness. The ratio is presently one dollar of income to eight dollars of

indebtedness. Obviously, income is barely able to handle interest payments and can do nothing to reduce the principle. The farmer is laboring for the "will-o-the-wisp" called "equity." ("Some day, Sally, we'll sell out, pay off the debt, and move to Florida.")

Put up against it, the farmer can't afford not to till marginal land; he can't afford to rotate crops; he can't afford to leave a field fallow for a year to grow green manure to plow back in. He has to keep every parcel of land in production because production and only production brings in the dollars that pay the interest that keeps the working capital there that keeps the farm alive.

So topsoil erodes; so soil quality declines. Each year there's less organic material in the ground. Each year there are less soil nutrients. Fertility fades. Produce quality suffers. The Maine potato isn't what it used to be.

This begins to sound somewhat like a Biblical prophet lamenting over Jerusalem. Let me relate some of my less doom-sounding thoughts about soil and fertility.

Nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium are the three elements most necessary for good plant growth, or fertility. Generally, they are available in soil, but also generally not in quantities sufficient for good gardening. Therefore, one seeks to add these elements, to improve the soil and foster stronger plants and higher yields.

This is done in various ways. Pre-mixed commercial fertilizers are widely available. They come as 6-12-12, 10-10-10, 8-16-6, and so on, with the first number representing the percentage of available nitrogen (N), the second of phosphorus (P), and the last of potassium (K). By way of comparison, dried cattle manure (more about manures and other nutrient sources in a moment) rates around 2-2-2 for N-P-K.

Of the commercial fertilizers, the grade you use should be tailored somewhat to the crop. Leafy green vegetables, for example, require quite a lot of nitrogen. Thus, 10-10-10 is preferred over 5-10-10. Some root crops, such as carrots and beets, seem to respond to extra potash, suggesting the use of 8-16-6. Beans, on the other hand, fix nitrogen in their roots and accordingly require less in the way of N. 5-10-10 can be applied.

Application is quite simple. Fertilizer can be generally broadcast on the soil and then worked in with a tiller, harrow, or rake, just

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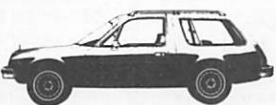
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as with manures. But I prefer to do it somewhat differently. I plant my seed and then sprinkle the commercial mix down along the top of the row where rain and dew will work it into the soil.

The P (phosphorus) in commercial mix and in most other forms is not, however, particularly water-soluble. Accordingly, one approach is to buy super-phosphate (usually 0-20-0) and strew that in the row directly with the seed before covering, right where the roots will develop to reach it.

Commercial fertilizers can be purchased that contain additional chemical elements. Some mixes offer a trace of magnesium (say 6-12-12, 1.2) which can be useful for correcting magnesium-deficient soils. Beans can often suffer from this problem. Boron deficiency affects some root crops—beets particularly—and may be corrected by a trace application of boron. If not available in commercial mixes, a little borax soap added to the fertilizer will serve.

As for other fertilizing materials, there are quite a number. Animal manures come to mind first, and are obviously valuable. When the hens are molting and laying mighty few eggs, yet gathering at the feeder with the usual gusto, I comfort myself by thinking, "there's always the manure."

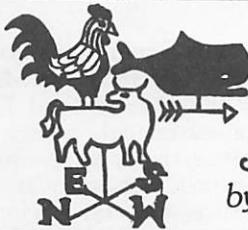
Typical analysis of fresh chicken manure runs something like 0.89-0.48-0.83 with traces of calcium and magnesium available. (Analysis varies greatly depending upon bedding materials in use, if any, and also changes as the manure ages.) Generally, rotted manure should be applied; the analysis being about the same while the material is less likely to "burn" living material. Analysis of the other animal manures runs about the same.

Nitrogen is nitrogen whether it comes in a bag or from a barn-cellar, so the choice between commercial mixes and animal manures (sludge, fish scraps, etc. as well) I think is basically one of economics (cost, labor, effectiveness, and so on).

Manures have the decided extra quality of returning fibers and bacteria to the soil. This suggests that the use of commercial fertilizers should be regularly supplemented with crop rotation, fallow periods, and green manures, to maintain good soil quality.

Other sources of phosphorus include bone meal and dried activated sludge. In times past, farmers would have home slaughter-

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## Jay's Journal by Jay Burns

June is the first month when we can really enjoy warm weather. We don't have to fool around with any cold snaps. No longer do we have to wake up in the morning and automatically ask, "Is it warm enough to wear shorts?"

Looking back, May was a fine month with warm temperatures. It had been warm on the 30th of April—in the 60's. Through May 14th the average maximum temperature was 62.5°, 5 degrees warmer than usual. An ample amount of rain graced the hills and lakes region—3.60 inches by May 14th, including the heavy rainfall of late April. The usual total for all of May is 3.5 inches. Norway-South Paris area was greeted with its first thundershower of the season on the first day of the month. The Oxford Hills Junior Varsity Baseball Team was playing a game when the rain began. It rained heavily and the game was called off. But how quickly we forgot the weather patterns of summer; in less than half an hour after the game was called, the sky cleared and the field dried.

Our first taste of real summer weather was given to us during the second week of May. A high pressure system stalled over Bermuda. Its clockwise winds pumped very warm air up from the South Atlantic. This "Bermuda High," as it is called, is the cause of almost all of our heat waves. The temperature rose to 90 degrees on the 9th of May. We were warmer than Florida at that time because Florida does not come under the direct influence of the "Bermuda High" as we do.

June should bring us more of the same weather as May except now we can expect our weather to be almost totally oriented around the cold front with its thundershowers. A summer thundershower is an exciting event: the afternoon may begin as a hazy, sticky affair; soon the clouds build up, lightning is seen and thunder is heard.

Contrary to popular belief, a cold front is not a continuous line of thunderstorms. A cold front will have a storm cell every 10 to

20 miles apart, with little or no activity between the centers. The cold front advances from west to east. If a storm can be seen to the north and to the south you can be almost sure that no severe storm will hit in your area. In the summer my father and I eagerly anticipate summer storms. We hear the rumbles, but the storms always slip north and south of us—much to our dismay.

Another common feature of summertime weather is the sea breeze. When we traveled to Boston to see the Red Sox play, if the temperature was in the 60's, we would dress lightly. That was a mistake, because around the third inning a strong sea breeze would develop, sending the temperatures down around the low 50's. Oftentimes, most of New England might be basking in balmy 60-degree weather but Nantucket Island, off the coast of Massachusetts, could have temperatures in the 40's. Even though land masses warm quickly during the spring, ocean temperatures are still in the 30's.

The sea breeze could also be called a "vacuum breeze." During the day, coastal regions are heated rapidly. Since the sea has a vast capacity for heat its temperature hardly varies during the day. As warmer air over the land mass rises during the day, cooler air is sucked in from the ocean to replace it; the pressure lowers over the land because of this vacuum. The pressure over the ocean rises as the warm air from the land gradually becomes cooled and descends, increasing the atmospheric pressure. Sometimes a sea breeze can develop that is strong enough to reach into the inland regions.

Much emphasis is placed on the speed of the wind. Newspapers broadly explain that the wind speed rose to unprecedented heights the day before. I feel that wind direction is more important than wind speed. When Paul Cousins, meteorologist for WCSH Television in Portland, calls me, he asks for the wind direction first. This is because, by wind direction, one can forecast when a storm is coming and when it is over. When a northeaster roars up the coast, we keep an eye on the wind direction. In the beginning of a storm it registers East to Northeast. As the storm progresses up the coast the direction slowly shifts toward the north. Only in a large storm do we pay any attention to the wind speed indicator. As soon as the needle shifts to northwest, we know the storm is over.

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## PARIS HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI

They haven't had a graduating class in 18 years and the beloved wood frame building is no longer standing but when reunion fever sweeps the area this month, it's a safe bet that nowhere will it run higher than with the Paris High School Alumni.

Despite the fact that the school ceased to exist when the district was consolidated in 1960 and the building which once housed its students gave way in the more recent junior high school renovations, the Paris High School Alumni Association continues to thrive. In fact, according to association secretary-treasurer, Frances Carey, the organization is one of a stalwart few which still attempts to stage a full-scale school reunion each year. Last June, the association celebrated its 75th anniversary at a typically gala affair attended by nearly 200 people at the Paris Grange Hall. The get-together featured the usual reunion banquet, followed by presentation of scholarships, special prizes, and the coveted Graduate of the Year award.

Flora Webster, pictured at right with the portraits of her Class of 1905, was the oldest grad to attend that reunion. Genial and direct at 92, Mrs. Webster has seen her share of reunions. She credits, in part, the organizational skill and determination of people like Mrs. Carey for the group's continuing success, but says there is also something else.

"Graduation from high school was the biggest day of our lives," recalls Mrs. Webster, who still considers the brick building on Pine Street "the new school." Her class was only the second to graduate from the "old brick Paris High" (at the site of the Mildred Fox School in Market Square), having transferred there during Christmas vacation of 1904. It was also the largest, with 32 members, ever to graduate from the old P.H.S.

She is saddened by the destruction of the wooden building, but says she is not really surprised that the reunions continue to come off even though the school has disappeared. "It's the people who make a reunion. You go and see some-



Frances Carey (left), and  
1978 P.H.S. Alumni  
Association President  
Glenna Starbird (right)



With the extra help of Rep. Twitchell, who recently got them \$1,000 from the Maine Publicity Bureau, the Vikettes and Flute Ensemble have raised enough money for their train trip with several music department chaperones, a bus driver, van rentals, and their three-day stay in Florida, where they will represent Maine with 45-minute programs for 50,000 people a day (and get a chance to see Disney and Sea Worlds for free). Mrs. Wescott figured that a train trip would be least expensive and most educational. She also was impressed with the clean, safe, family nature of the parks.

That was important to her; the Vikettes have a strict Honor Code to follow, involving pride, self-respect, high academic standards, personal ideals and responsibility. In return for following this code, the girls learn a standard of perfection in music which Mrs. Wescott has maintained from the beginning with the Vikettes.

Though their teacher hopes to take more high school musicians on travelling engagements in the future, she feels the Vikettes are particularly deserving of the honor. She chose their Baccalaureate number, *Follow Your Dream*, this year because of the achievements of these girls. "They dared to dream, learned the skills, and found the initiative to carry through," Mrs. Wescott says.

And you can be sure that when they are singing the Disney song *Candle On The Water* on the steps of Cinderella's Castle this week, they will be dedicating it to their school and their community. □

N.M.

---

one you especially like and that makes it for you that particular year."

This year's affair is scheduled for June 23rd at the Paris Grange Hall.



Paris High School, 1923

them up the rocky logging road to our own much higher pasture. We were all tired by the time we got back to the home farm but it was a job well done, and we felt relieved.

Once a week for the rest of the summer Dad would harness Jerry to the wagon and drive up to the Royce place, usually accompanied by one or more of us kids, and walk up to the pasture with a quart of rock salt in a wooden measure. He would bang on the gate with a stick and call, "So, boss! So, boss!" The cattle would come thundering down the grassy slope with bobbing heads and flying tails to the salting place. There they would crunch eagerly on the granules of salt we dropped by handfuls into several salting spots soon clear of grass killed by the salt. We would talk to them and rub the heads and backs of those tame enough to let us.

These weekly visits were important. Cattle being pastured in remote areas can become quite wild if several weeks pass during which they don't receive any human attention. They can get so hawky that it's difficult, if not impossible, to round them up in the fall. Cattle love salt, especially in hot weather, and this fact plus our seeing them weekly kept our stock reasonably tame.

Only Mr. Bull The Steer was a little shy this year. He'd let me rub his shoulder briefly as he crunched salt, then he'd shake his rugged head, back up, and go to another salt drop. I guess he still remembered the operations we humans had performed on him.

One Sunday in July Sim, Ben and I all went with Dad to the mountain pasture. We weren't allowed to fish on the Sabbath and we had nothing better to do on that warm sunny day. When we reached the pasture Dad banged on the wooden gate as usual and called to the cattle. Some of them were in sight well up the slope. Soon the two cows and the three heifers pranced down to where we waited by the salt drops.

"Hey, where's Mr. Bull The Steer?" I wondered aloud.

"Probably be right down," Dad said. But he looked worried as he shaded his eyes and scanned the rocky upland.

"He's always been with the others before," Sim reminded us. He picked up Dad's stick and banged loudly on the gate. "Maybe he's getting hard of hearing."

Now our steer appeared from behind some gray birch bushes near a straggly old spruce tree not sixty yards away. He walked halfway down to the nearest cow, then stopped and stared at us. We all stared back at him, suddenly rooted in our tracks. Something was wrong with Mr. Bull. Very wrong. His nose looked like a big pin cushion. The pins were black and white and were some inches long.

Dad groaned aloud. "Oh, no! Hedgehog quills!"

That's what they were, all right. I had never seen quills stuck into a victim before. They show much more white than when worn by their prickly owner.

"Did a hedgehog attack Mr. Bull?" I asked Dad.

"Lord, no! They never go after anything. They mind their own business, but cattle and dogs run up too close to them and get peppered, fools that they are."

Our steer came closer, walking a bit unsteadily. He was thinner. The hollows in front of his hip bones were deeper than I'd ever seen them, indicating that he hadn't eaten for a day or two. He sniffed at some salt, licked it twice, then gave up.

"Oh, boy, is he hurting," Sim observed. "Can we catch him and pull those darn things out?"

Dad shook his head grimly. "If we catch him we can't pull those quills out here because we don't have a pair of pincers and we couldn't hold him still enough. Not many of those can be taken out by hand, they're in too deep. We've got to get him home where we can tie him up and use our pincers."

"Ben kicked a pebble toward Mr. Bull. "Darn it, then we've got to catch him and lead him down to the wagon. Or open the gate and drive just him through, which ain't going to be easy."

"That's about the story," Dad agreed. "Or else drive all the cattle down so he'll go. Then somebody will have to drive the rest back."

"Let's catch him then," I said. "There's four of us. We can surround him and grab his ring."

We tried my plan but Mr. Bull was smart, sensing at once what we were up to. He loped easily between Ben and Dad and again took up a stand over by the spruce tree.

"No use, damn it!" Sim cussed. "We'll have to mix him in with the cows and heifers and drive them all down. We'll be here all day."

"Oh, I'll catch him myself," I blurted. "He

trusts me."

I couldn't have explained why I made this statement, not really. Something deep inside me, like a spark of faith, motivated me I guess. After all, Mr. Bull and I did have a sort of rapport. But would that be enough?

"Yeah, go ahead and catch him," Ben dared me. "You think you and him are such good friends, go ahead and prove it. The rest of us will just watch—and laugh!"

"All right, I will." Was I the confident little brat!

But I had an ace in the hole—an apple in my pants pocket. I had brought it along in case I felt hungry. Cattle like apples too and last summer in the home pasture Mr. Bull had accepted apples from my hand on occasion. He was hungry now, no question about it. The appeal of an apple just might brush aside his distrust of everyone for a moment. If, in that moment I could slip a finger inside his ring, I'd have him.

I moved slowly toward Mr. Bull, speaking his name softly over and over, holding the red apple out so he could see it. I could tell when he recognized the apple, for his ears perked up and he held his head higher. I took a bite out of the apple to release more of its fragrance and kept moving.

Now my offering was within two feet of his prickly nose and he could smell it. His tongue flicked out and back. I inched toward him and he opened his mouth. I started my final move to give him the fruit and slip my index finger up inside his ring. Then, at the crucial moment, the apple touched one of the quills in his upper lip.

That was enough! He swung away from me and gave his head a toss—and a minor miracle happened!

A ring properly installed in an animal's nose has some "play" to it. When Mr. Bull turned and tossed his head his ring flipped up—and right over the end of one of the dead branches of the tree beside him.

Many forest trees have dead branches sticking out from their lower trunks, especially evergreen trees. None have stiffer or stronger branches than an old spruce tree, as any hunter or woodsman who has backed into one can testify. Mr. Bull was now standing quite still, held by the limb thrust inside his ring.

"Well now, this is swell!" I crowed happily as I stepped up and seized the ring. "Come on boy!"

I led him off the limb and away from the

tree. I offered him the apple again and this time he took it and munched hungrily. Dad and Sim and Ben were suddenly around us.

"Of all the dumb luck!" Sim exclaimed. "Tree catches steer! I don't believe it!"

"You saw," I beamed. "You gotta believe."

Dad gave me a slap on the back and his hand joined mine on the ring. "Good work, Sonny. You've saved us a lot of time and trouble."

I felt like the king of the hill. Dad didn't hand out praise often. Brother Ben bit his lip and said nothing. I didn't rub it in because I had trumped his dare. I could fail to meet some future challenge from him.

"Now to get him back home as soon as we can," Dad said as we led Mr. Bull through the other cattle to the gate. "These quills keep working in every time he moves, or even breathes. They're barbed and they don't know when to stop."

We led our steer down to the Royce place without incident. Dad put Jerry's halter on Mr. Bull and tied the halter rope tightly to the rear axle of our wagon. Minutes later we were heading south for Stow Corner, Dad driving Jerry with Sim beside him. Ben and I occupied the rear seat of the wagon and kept an eye on Mr. Bull The Steer, who plodded along beside us in the dust.

A mile down the road was the Charles farm. Several cows grazed in the pasture on our left and our trailing friend saw them and started to hold back.

"Take off your brakes," Ben laughed at him. "You ain't in no shape to go touching noses with any lady cows. You're going home with us to be plucked like a chicken."

We were about to meet a lean, whiskered man driving a horse and buggy. "It's Ernie Andrews, the trapper," Sim observed. "I bet he'll want to stop and talk. He always does."

"I'll give him thirty seconds, no more," Dad said.

Sim was right. Andrews stopped his horse and held up a hand to halt us as we drew about even with his buggy. Dad reined Jerry up and said, "Hello, Ernie, how's things with you?"

Ernie said, "Fine, Will." Then he reached down and grasped something behind the buggy's dasher. "I bet your boys, and maybe you, ain't never seen one of these varmints."

He straightened and held up the darnest thing I'd ever seen. It was the hide, or pelt, of a big cat at least four feet long—grayish white fur with black spots and a short tail. Ernie



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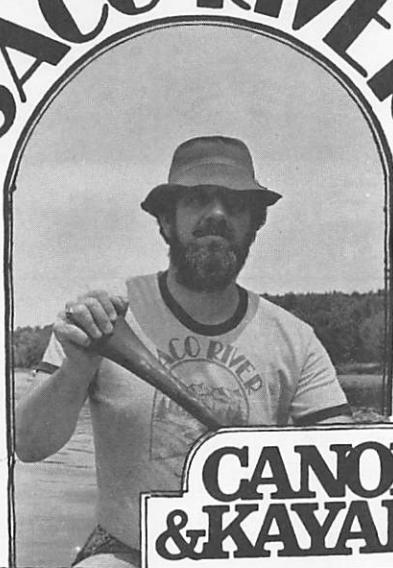
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had left the head in when he skinned the creature. A leering, evil-looking head with black-tufted ears, it had slanted eyes and teeth that could be called fangs.

The four of us stared in breathless awe at the strange thing Ernie was holding up by the nape of its neck. Then, with no warning whatsoever, we were all thrown violently forward!

My face hit the back of the front seat of our wagon with stunning force, and Ben was right beside me. Dad and Sim, in front, would have been pitched out if it hadn't been for the strong leather dasher between their feet and Jerry's rear end.

"He's getting away! He's loose," Ernie yelled.

In that moment of pain and confusion I pictured Ernie's savage creature leaping toward us with slashing claws and snarling jaws. I cringed in terror, expecting any second to feel those awful teeth sink into my unprotected back.

The "screech" of tortured wire being pulled hard against other metal shocked our ears. It was followed by the "crack" of something wooden being broken. Ernie's voice came again:

"He went right through! He's in with the others!"

Like coming out of a fog the four of us in the wagon began to realize what had happened. Mr. Bull The Steer was no longer hitched to our rear axle. He was in the Charles pasture mingling rather happily with the cows. A piece of broken rope dangled from his halter.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Dad exploded, stepping down from the wagon. "We're in for it now!"

"Gosh, I'm sorry, Will," Ernie apologized. "I had no idea he'd do that if I showed you this pelt."

"What in heck is that darn thing?" Sim asked, following Dad to the ground.

"It's a Canadian lynx. You know, a lucivee," Ernie explained. "I got him up on Mt. Eastman."

Things were clear to us now. When Ernie held up the lynx pelt, Mr. Bull had taken one good look at the big "cat" and thrown himself backward, all thousand pounds of him, and sent us in the wagon lurching forward. The halter rope had snapped. Then our steer had plunged through the wire fence to Charles'

Page 53...

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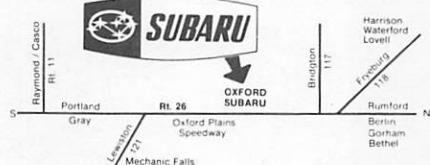


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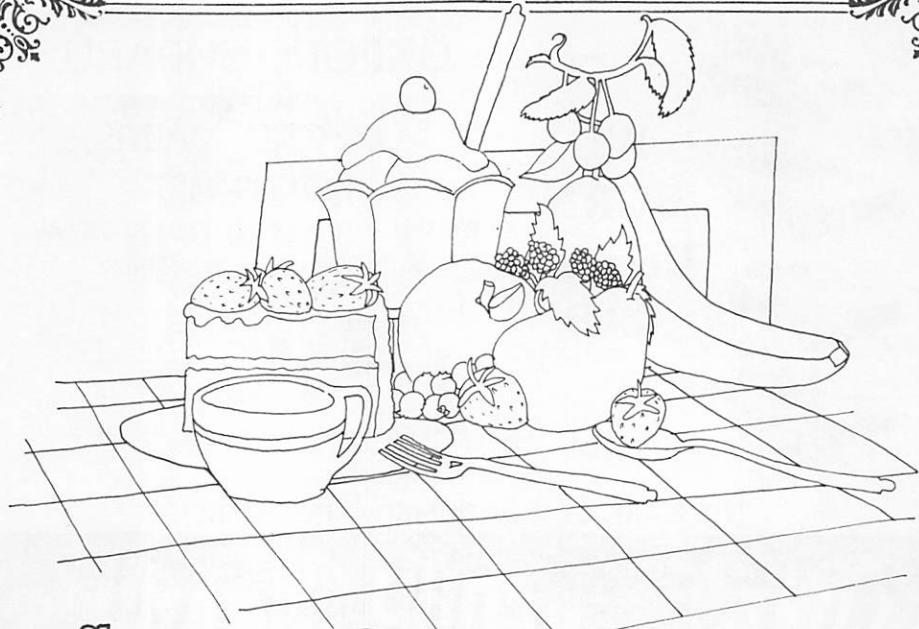


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...Page 50

pasture, breaking a fence stake as he went. Ernie apologized some more, half-heartedly offered to help us recapture Mr. Bull, then clucked to his old horse and moved on.

We were all out of the wagon now, Ben with a bloody nose and me with a split lip. Dad hitched Jerry to a fence stake with a rein and studied our escaped animal.

"What rotten luck. We've got to catch him again and we can't expect a miracle this time."

But it so happened that we didn't need one. The stocky owner of the farm was coming toward us through the pasture. The four of us picked our way through the break in the fence to meet him. Dad spoke.

"Hello, Fred. We just added a steer to your herd."

"So I see," Fred chuckled. "And a prickly one. I bet he met a quill pig up in your high pasture."

"You guessed right. We were hurrying for home to pull those needles out when we met Ernie Andrews. He showed us a damn lynx hide with the head in and our steer didn't want any part of it."

Fred laughed and wiped the sweat from his

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red face. "So that's what spooked him! I saw him break away and go through my fence like the Devil was on his tail. Say, why don't we drive my cows and him into my tieup? We'll hitch him in a stall and I have a pair of pincers you can use on those quills."

Dad accepted this kind offer with gratitude. It was an easy matter to herd Fred's seven cows into his barn and Mr. Bull went with them like a lamb into a stall. Ten minutes later Sim and the two men had Mr. Bull's head strapped and roped to the overhead timber so tightly he could move only his ears.

Fred found his pincers and handed them to Dad who closed them on a quill that was nearly out of sight in the suffering nose—and pulled. The quill came out and Mr. Bull let go a bellow of pain that must have echoed up through the high mountains.

"You're hurting him!" I cried out in childish sympathy.

"Of course," Dad retorted. "And he's going to be hurt plenty more." He yanked another quill. My friend strained against his bonds and blew his nose explosively, but soon he quieted down somewhat as if resigned to his ordeal.

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Dad drew out quill after quill with methodical precision. And each time a drop of blood would appear at the point of each extraction. I could only imagine the pain Mr. Bull was experiencing and I was sorry for him. He didn't deserve this but it had to be done.

Ben was counting the quills as Dad dropped them on the floor, but lost count in the sixties. At last all the wicked little needles were out, my dad running his fingers over every inch of the bloody muzzle to make sure none remained. The ropes and straps were

removed and Mr. Bull The Steer shook his head again and again and licked his nose with a long, writhing tongue. He remained in the stall, held by the tie chain.

"Suppose he's wiser now?" Sim asked Dad.

Dad laughed shortly, wiping his hands on his bandana handkerchief. "Who knows? He may charge the next hedgehog he sees. We hope not, but you never can tell."

"He looks hollow and hungry," Fred observed. "Why don't you leave him here for a day? I'll feed him some sweet hay and grain."

Dad said that would be great. Fred found a good fence stake and Dad and Sim mended the hole Mr. Bull had made going into the pasture. At last the four of us climbed into our wagon and again headed Jerry for home. What a day!

The next afternoon we again rode up the valley, stopping at Fred's to pick up our steer and tie him to the wagon. We led him from the Royce place up to our pasture with no trouble. He was looking more normal and feeling better, and even pranced a bit as he rejoined his bovine companions.

Next we did what we should have done before we put the cattle up there in May. We went on a hedgehog hunt. Dad had his .38-



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.40 rifle and Sim carried his Stevens .22 single shot. Ben and I found hardwood clubs. For three hours we ranged through two hundred acres of forest, scanning the evergreen trees and peering between boulders for our quarry. Dad and Sim shot four hedgehogs out of trees and Ben and I clubbed two we found in ledges at the upper edge of our land.

One may think our hunt was cruel and unfair and I agree with them to an extent. But hedgehog quills keep working into a victim and can kill an animal as large as a moose. When one's living depends largely on keeping his livestock healthy he does what has to be done.

Late in September we drove our six cattle out of their mountain pasture and down Cold River Valley to our home farm. A few weeks later we tied them in the old barn for the winter. Mr. Bull The Steer had grown well and now Dad gave him four quarts of corn meal daily to put the fat on him.

On a cold November day Sim didn't go to school with Ben and me, and we met Mr. Flint heading for our place. I sensed what was about to happen and it made me feel sad. When we got home from school at three, Mr. Bull The Steer was hanging in the barn, skinned and dressed. A beautiful specimen of a beef creature weighing over nine hundred pounds.

And he was delicious, I have to admit. That winter we had steaks and roasts and beef stews and short ribs galore. We gave some to Mr. Flint and Mr. Charles and still had plenty for our needs. The corned beef Mom put down in big crocks in the house cellar lasted us well into the next fall.

One day in March we were enjoying a juicy roast of beef when suddenly Dad let out a big "Ouch!" He dropped his knife and fork on the table and thrust a thumb and forefinger into his mouth. He made a yanking motion and threw, or pretended to throw, something on the kitchen floor.

"What is it?" Mom asked, really alarmed. "What on earth is the matter?"

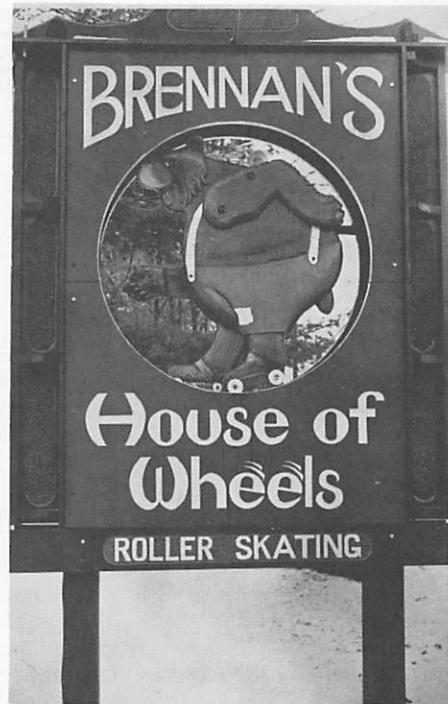
Dad sighed, said, "Hedgehog quill!"

"Oh, you faker!" Mom fired at him in relief. "You big joker!"

We boys laughed until we all nearly fell out of our chairs. Our parents were a scream.

I still have a memento of Mr. Bull The Steer—his ring. It's a handy necktie holder for my three favorite ties. □

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# Medicine For The Hills



by Michael A. Lacombe, M.D.

## IT'S UNHEALTHY TO BE FAT

We, as animals, harbor many primitive notions which are so instinctual that they lie far beneath consciousness. Consider territory, for example. So basic is our sense of ownership of property that hackles are raised at a car turning in our driveway even before that intrusion reaches our consciousness. Pride in ownership goes far deeper than any sense of accomplishment. We are rife with instinct—the pregnant woman's "nesting" behavior, the mother's protectiveness, the urge to plant in Spring and hoard in Fall—and much of this instinctive behavior still serves us well. Some such notions, though, no longer benefit us.

The idea that obesity brings health and strength is one of these instinctive beliefs which, though once well-meaning, now only does us harm. That it is instinctive is, with a little introspection, obvious. The fatter the baby, the healthier. The more robust the pregnant mother, the better things will be. Weight loss is sensed, in some primitive recess of the mind, as a threat to health and, especially for men, to strength. Matriarchs *must* be fat, almost by definition. Fat protects us against disease and famine. And in tougher times when we hunted for supper, this gut notion did serve us well. Those who could store a few extra meals ahead were better off back then.

In our day, however, obesity is no longer fashionable or healthy. Where once famine and malnutrition weeded out the thin, obesity with its attendant chronic diseases now kills off the fat. Fat people quite commonly complain of fatigue. With the musculo-skeletal system designed for 120 pounds and now burdened with thirty pounds more, is it any wonder? And what of the burden on the heart? Premature death from a worn-out heart is common. Blood pressure increases, cholesterol deposits

more liberally, and the old pump runs down. The middle-aged obese person is a prime target for heart attack and stands a very poor chance of surviving one. With cardiac arrest, his massive chest insulates against any effective external cardiac massage.

Obesity increases the risk of developing diabetes, of gall-bladder disease, of hernias, phlebitis and arthritis of weight-bearing joints. It is a special hazard in pregnancy, when hypertension and toxemia become more prevalent in obese women. An adequate physical examination is impossible to perform on obese patients—the heart sounds are muffled and the abdominal and pelvic organs impossible to palpate. Layers of fat several inches deep hamper surgery, and anesthesia is more dangerous. As weight increases, so do the chances of an early death.

The psychological damage from obesity is no less profound. Most obese people are depressed. In the main, they suffer loss of self-esteem, harbor much self-doubt and feelings of inferiority, and live in a fantasy world of "if only's." Scratch the surface a bit harder and one finds a fair amount of self-hate, ranging from disgust to self-destruction. Feelings of isolation lead to more over-eating, more obesity and slow suicide.

How do we arrive at this unhealthy state? Unfailingly and inexorably, it's a matter of time and arithmetic. Over months and years we consume more calories than we burn; the excess is stored as fat at 3500 calories per pound. We need in calories roughly fifteen times our ideal weight in pounds to maintain that weight. For a moderately active mother weighing 120 pounds, this figures to 1800 calories per day. How then can she, with every intention to the contrary, become so obese ten years hence?

Consider. Once a week, over and above her careful 1800 calories per day, she indulges. (She deserves it!) A Big Mac one week (557 calories), a hot fudge sundae the next (580). A couple of doughnuts (500), half of a small pizza (900), a large dipped Dairy Queen cone (450)...so it goes, a part of her life. And, when the internal scales tally another 3500 calories, a pound of flesh is stored away. At this rate she gains a pound every six weeks, or 8½ pounds a year. In ten years she weighs 205 pounds. It happens all the time. Now, after the fact, she quietly rages inside. Awakened, she wants it off overnight, and she is terribly frustrated at its

tenacious clinging.

What might she have done differently? Had she walked for an hour three times per week, she'd have burned an extra 750 calories per week and would have had room to spare for her weekly indulgences. Or she might have dieted one day a week at 1200 calories, giving her the margin of a weekly indulgence in another way.

A fortunate few do this adjusting and compensating by instinct it seems. For the rest of us, though, it has to be learned, and the learning seems always to take place after the fact—that is, after we have gained all that weight. This learning of in-come and out-go must be learned privately, by personal experience, for each human machine is different, using and storing fuel in different ways, and no one formula works well for everyone. That is why, after all, crash programs and gimmicks fail in the end. The weight is gained back because there's no learning being done; one is too busy, I suppose, hoping for miracles.

Wait! Don't pass off this learning too lightly—it is almost as basic as instinct. A child must learn not to get his feet wet in a puddle—he can't be told. The consequences

of a pizza had to be learned in the same way. The learning is difficult; we have to wade in many puddles in order to get the idea. We gorge ourselves, quickly step on the scales, and find we haven't gained an ounce. We remain smug in our secret victory until three days later when our weight shoots up. It's not fair, we scream, having forgotten the indulgence of three days before.

As geese might tire of migrating if they had the option, we grow tired of watching, counting, denying. Taking charge of something which should be instinct gets boring. We find no time for exercise. Life is exercise enough. We relax our guard. The weight creeps up again.

What's the solution? For a medical problem (obesity) with a cure rate of 5-10%, is there any hope? I think so. Rather than being a problem of gluttony, sloth, or psychic distress, I think of obesity as a problem of animal behavior. As such, its solution rests in altering the behavior, with discipline enough to stay with the change.

More next month. □

*Dr. Lacombe is a member of the Stephens Memorial Hospital Health Education Project Advisory Board and Oxford Hills Internal Medicine Group.*

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**COUNTRY MALL 1979:** Sponsored by the Women's Fellowship of the Second Congregational Church, Norway, Weds. July 11, 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Old-fashioned Craft Fair with food to eat or take home, gift articles, old treasures, and clowns. Harmon's Fried Clam Supper following, 5:30 p.m.

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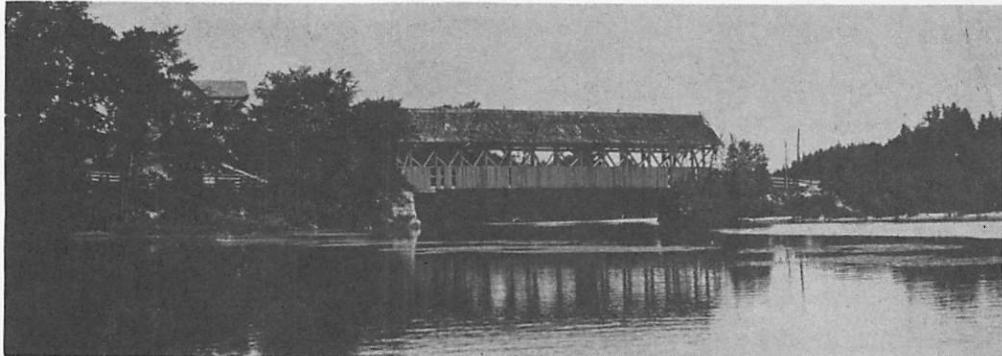
**SUMMER GIFT FAIR:** Sponsored by First Congregational Church, South Paris, July 18 from 10 a.m. on. Special luncheon features jellied and chicken salads, strawberry shortcake. Hand-made items will be sold.

DOES YOUR ORGANIZATION have an upcoming Supper, Picnic, Fair, Play, Exhibit, Festival, Show, Etc.?? **BitterSweet** will be happy to list your information FREE of Charge. Please send notices to us at P.O. Box 178, Oxford,

Me. 04270 at least three weeks prior to our publication date.

Our **May Can You Place It?** was identified as the Naples Causeway by Donald Tash of Bayou Road in Naples. Mrs. Mabelle Mains, 90, also of Naples, wrote to tell us that the building is the "Tarry By The Lakeside" lunch and ice cream room operated by Mr. & Mrs. Wilfred Lamb from 1907 to 1953, opposite the now-destroyed Hotel Naples.

## Can You Place It?





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During the summer our weather observing undergoes a dramatic change as far as instruments are concerned. In the winter I was equipped with a yard stick for snow measurement. In the summer the yard stick is tucked into a corner and the rain gauge becomes the object of my attentions. A carefully planned log can give one enough information to make educated statements on any drought situation.

Speaking of weather forecasting, you can get simple, accurate weather broadcasts by buying your own weather radio. Weather radios are not just for ham radio operators and airline pilots. A weather radio can be purchased at any store that sells radios for the price of an ordinary radio. And don't think you need to live on top of Mount Washington to hear it. We have five weather radios that work perfectly here and in the valley. If you buy one, be sure to test several models because they will vary in reception quality.

The National Weather Service broadcasts on the same band as the police broadcasts, so any police radio should pick up the transmissions. The frequency is 162.55 MHz

and the broadcasts are aired continually and updated every six hours. Included are marine forecasts, marine observations, regional observations, climactic data and a weather story and forecasts. The weather story includes a summary of the weathermap in uncomplicated terms, a general forecast and references to events of the season, such as what type of weather may be expected for the World Series. □

*Burns, a weather observer for WCSH, lives in Waterford, Maine and is a sophomore at Oxford Hills High School.*

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### ...Page 44 Country Things

house bone to treat with sulfuric acid, creating a kind of super-phosphate. Colloidal phosphates can be had, but I don't think they are as useful as the commercial product called super-phosphate. (The "super" indicates that the phosphate has been treated with acids to increase solubility.)

Potassium is sometimes added to the garden in the form of greensand (glauconite), while some forms of kelp contain from four to thirteen percent K. As with all the foregoing, I think the deciding factor is economics.

I hope I'll be pardoned for the rather dry rendition of this subject. There's much I haven't touched on in the way of "the larger view"—renewable vs. non-renewable fertility sources, for instance. I wanted to be as straightforward as I could, with the hope of being helpful. Even now I have sounding in my ears the oft-made remark of a carpenter I've worked with: "I've taught you all I know and you still don't know a thing."

Well, as long as we part still friends. □

Meader farms in Buckfield.



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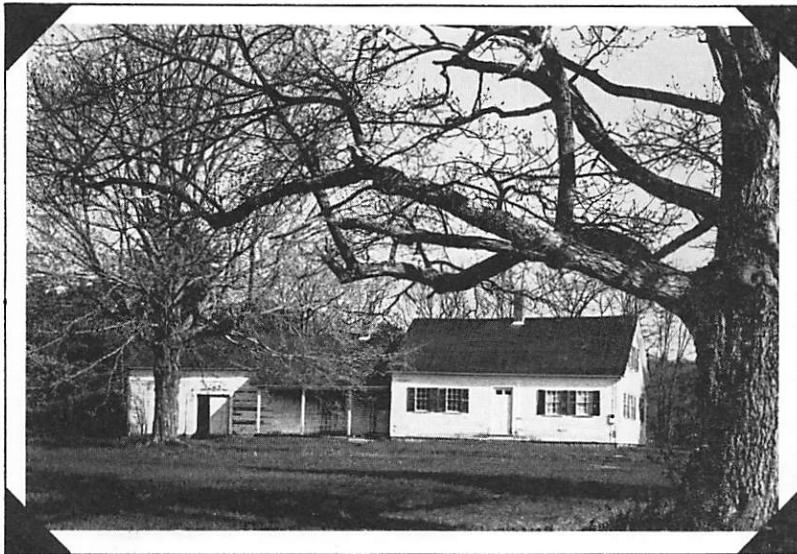
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